

LEND A HAND

A Record of Progress and Journal of Organized Charity.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1887.

No. 3.

It has seemed to us that managers of public charities are sometimes misled, from their want of experience, into expensive and unnecessary effort in the arrangement of public meetings.

Indeed, there is an old superstition—originating, perhaps, in our religious customs—which supposes that a *meeting*, because it is a meeting, has a certain excellence in itself. It supposes that there is virtue in the mere act of attending a meeting, and the mere existence of a meeting helps a cause forward. Now it may be that this superstition works a positive evil to the cause, the friends of which have arranged the “meeting.” To have a man say: “I am heartily interested in the charity, I always go to the anniversary, nay, I sit on the platform”—is but cold comfort to the treasurer, if, by that attendance, the sympathetic friend so satisfies his conscience that he cannot add: “I send them ten dollars every year.”

The uses of public meetings are manifold, as are their forms. Their dangers are manifold also, and should be considered.

The first and original purpose of a public meeting for charity is to inform an ignorant community, and to rouse a sluggish one, regarding its duty in some exigency where the needs of some part of the place have been neglected. If there exists such ignorance, or such sluggishness, a combined effort of the people who have discovered the need may well be made, to bring together as many people as may be of use, that they may hear together the opinions and observations of intelligent people who have properly studied the subject in hand. In such a meeting, time may, and can, very well be spent by the people who have taken a new enterprise in hand. They ought to collect the facts, and to be quite sure that they are fresh. They ought to secure competent speakers—interesting and popular speeches, if possible. They must give their speakers an opportunity to confer together, so that they may not repeat each other, or even seem to contradict each other. And they must personally invite the right people to come to the meeting.

They must not rely on any fancied popularity of the speakers at the place to fill the seats of the auditors. They do not want a promiscuous assembly of people going about for entertainment, which they do not pay for. Such people are exactly the people who will be of no use in this business, or, perhaps, in any other. It is quite as important, indeed, to select the audience as it is to select the speakers.

Granting, now, that such a meeting has its place in educating an ignorant community to a knowledge of some necessary improvement, it does not, by any means, follow that such a meeting is desirable after the community is informed as to the work in hand—or, indeed, that it is needed at all.

If, for instance, things have come to such a pass that the directors say of our “annual public meeting” that they will not read the report, because that will be

printed, and the people who care anything about it can read it and will, it may well be asked why there should be any such meeting at all. If all the people who cared anything about this subject are to be informed by other means, is it probable that the meeting will bring together, and will educate enough of the ignorant to justify its own existence?

Of course, the solution to such a question depends upon the facts in each separate case. But two or three things are certain to people of experience, and they may be laid down for people not experienced.

1. Do not select any speaker merely because he is a good speaker, and will attract people, unless he is personally and intelligently interested in some detail of the subject. It will do no good to have even a good man play on the surface of the subject. Unless your speaker can subsoil somewhat, can present important and fundamental views, he had better not speak at all. A "philanthropist" was once described in New England as "a man with long hair, who did not know what he was talking about." Make sure that you have no such Pegasus as that harnessed in with your working team.

2. Probably, however, your report of what you have done and what you want to do is the most interesting thing you can offer to the people who are of most importance at your meeting. Take some care, if necessary, to make it interesting. See that somebody makes the extracts, or prepares the document, who can present the essential views of the thing in hand. You may be sure that that is what those people want to know whom you want to interest. It may very well be that, to you who are directors and who have gone over the matters in detail, the annual digest of them seems an old story. But your meeting, if you choose to have it, is not for the directors. It is for a constituency which sustains the directors, but needs the information you have to give.

3. Take care that this information, when given, goes back to the foundation. If you determine to have the meeting, let some intelligent person state early in the business, in concise language, what the meeting is for, and what the society which calls it undertakes. Do not say, "our previous reports have so thoroughly covered the ground, as to the benefits of our valuable institution, that we need not thresh again the well-winnowed grain." There will be, on your supposition, some people present who need instruction on this very point. Give that instruction. Clear your own mind, indeed, by going once a year yourselves down to "hard-pan," and stating, in black and white, why your organization exists, and what reason for being it continues to have.

One of the most intelligent of our public-spirited men used to say that there should be a statute, providing distinctly that no society should have any meeting without beginning by a brief and intelligible statement of what the society was for.

4. If, as you affect, your meeting is for the purpose of informing the ignorant, inform them, and do nothing else. Do not have Madame Patti sing, or the Gregorian chorus of the town, or Mr. Braham, if he happens to be visiting there. You need engage no such "talent," from your neighbors or from a distance. Grant that such entertainment fills the hall or the church. Of what use is that to your object? You do not want a full hall. You want intelligent backers. True, there is a fond hope that people who come to be entertained will be so interested and moved by your orators that, after this fortunate experience, you may enlist them among your friends. But, really, this hope is futile and only brings you to grief. Indeed, it does not bear the test of a fit publicity.

You know, you do not dare say in your advertisements that "Madame Alboni has kindly offered to sing, in the hope that she will draw together people who would not come to hear Dr. Primrose speak; and it is hoped that these people will be too civil to go out, and will be obliged to hear him." You do not dare say that—and if you dare not say it, you must not dare do it.

It is, of course, possible that you cannot persuade the public that your enterprise is of any use, and that nobody will come to any of your meetings. But that is not the case we are considering. If you find that that is true, you had best consider seriously the question whether the society you represent should not be displaced and put out of the way forever. Supposing that it has an object which it can carry out, and therefore has a right to be; the probability is very great that its ordinary purposes are better secured, not by large public meetings made up mostly of the tramps in quest of public entertainment, but by smaller meetings, which may be held in inexpensive halls, which shall unite the persons who are interested, and such friends as they can induce to come and learn what is attempted.

Such a meeting may often be held in the parlors of a private house. There is no better place, for there familiar conversation may call out details, or throw light upon them, which can hardly be illustrated in a large public meeting. Sufficient public advertisement should be given to summon any person interested who might not otherwise be notified. But the principal invitation will and must come from the personal interest of the working members. Indeed, if you do not care for the meeting, enough to take as much pains that people may come to it, as you would take if you were inviting them to a dance, or a sleigh-ride, it would be better to have no meeting.

At such a meeting, let somebody begin by saying, briefly, what the meeting is for, and what the society is for which called it. Then let some person who has the faculty, state, even with detail, what has been accomplished since the last report, and what the managers would like to do. The treasurer's report should be ready, its totals read, and the detail open for anybody's examination. Then, and not till then, are you ready for any speaking. As has been said, nobody should speak, unless definitely, and until he knows what he is talking about. No. Not Daniel Webster, or Mr. Gladstone, should speak at that time or place, unless he knows about the special interest for which this meeting was convened, what no one else knows. At some period, give any one present a chance to ask questions, and be sure that his questions are openly and fully answered. Such a meeting will really serve "the cause" better than any general and promiscuous public assemblage.

A LATE report is that of the Chief of the Massachusetts District Police. The district police is composed of twenty men, including the chief. Eight men are detailed for the inspection of factories, public buildings and elevators. The force is concentrated for detective purposes. During the year, 1,083 manufactories and

282 public buildings and tenement houses have been inspected. The district police have been of great service also in investigating the employment of children and minors, of accidents in manufactories, in the suppression of lotteries, of the sale of poisons under various names, and in the seizing of forfeited liquors.

THE ASH-BAG.

"THE days of sackcloth and ashes are returned, then?" a friend asked of me. It was on one of our most slippery days this winter, if there can be any comparison, when all have been equally slippery. Householders and policemen had evidently been stricken with fear; the householders could not venture themselves on their own door-steps, even to give orders to have them cleaned; the policemen would not venture up the slippery steps to ring the bell, to give warning to the householders. The City Fathers were all so busy voting for each other that they could not condescend to clear the streets, and either stayed at home, or took carriages to the City Hall, and stayed there. How they ever got into their carriages, I can't tell, without slipping on street or door-steps, and breaking their own august necks. It has been one of the seasons when I wonder that we do not return to the sedan chairs of the last century. We are told that there are plenty of men out of employment, who must be glad of the occupation of bringing them into our houses. Perhaps herdic drivers, whose herdies have been driven to pieces by rash driving, might be employed. Think of the comfort of getting into one of these sedans (overshoes unnecessary) in your own room, to be carried and placed safely within the door of your friend's house. But then, the sedan bearers might slip on your own door-step, in these days, and all parties would have to be carried to the city hospital in an ambulance. To return to the slippery corner of the street, where my friend accosted me.

She had been a little amused to see me take a paper bag from under my arm (where it had been thrust, between my muff and umbrella and hand-bag), and I think she was quite gratified to see me sprinkle from it a layer of ashes over a smooth sea of ice, before which she was at that moment standing, trembling. "You are an angel!" had been her first ejaculation; "I was wondering whether to crawl on hands and knees, or return to my home." "You may be grateful to

me for my ash-bag," I had explained; but I had to confess that I had not seen her, and had scattered the ashes for my own benefit, as this perilous glare was at the corner of the street on which I live, and that I not only was protecting myself from a fall now, but I was looking forward to my return after dark.

I then explained the advantage of the ash-bag. It is not heavy to carry, and, when you start forth on a long expedition, especially to the slopes of Mount Vernon, Beacon, or Chestnut streets, you have an assured feeling that, whatever sloping glare appears, you are provided with a bag of ashes that will make the smooth places safe. I have, indeed, found its usefulness, only at the last moment of return, on my own door-step, where an assiduous dripping all the evening had made the ascent absolutely impossible, when I must have, indeed, been obliged to crawl up, or spend the night in the street, unless I had been provided by a kind friend with a bag of ashes, when I left his house.

The ash-bag is a great institution. Doubtless it will be improved upon in the advance of time. At present, I use the common paper bag of commerce. And there is this advantage about it, that you thus have something to do with the paper bags that collect in every family. These, of course, might be put into ornamented bags of velvet or plush, decorated on the outside with some appropriate motto from Shakespeare; or an ornamental tin can should be invented, with a handle and pepper-pot top, and colored to match the walking-dress. I will confess that there is a tendency of the ashes to blow back upon one's dress, but a little experience will show how to make the wind favor the shower of ashes; and a can with a snout might overcome this difficulty.

For the sake of others, as well as for yourself, have a paper bag ready, filled with ashes, to take out with you in your perilous walk over our risky sidewalks. There will be fewer cases in the hospitals, fewer crutches and sprained ankles, and many lives spared.

T
row
is a
foun
the
spee
clos
iam
teen
are a
pers
the
char
es an
to th
publi
quest
are t
each
greate
report
lowin
the va
tion o
pers, a
of the
reports
session
day ev
was ho
There
an aver
The
several
far as o
the min
ized by
tion. T
pated in
hundred
them ne
of the

• Proceed
Thirteenth

NATIONAL CONFERENCE.*

This report, edited by Isabel C. Barrows, official reporter of the conference, is a solid, yet readable, volume of about four hundred and fifty pages. First in the table of contents come the various speeches of greeting and response; the closing address being made by Hon. William Howard Nell, president of this thirteenth annual conference. Next in order are arranged the addresses made, and papers read, upon the subjects included in the work of the conference; these were charities of various kinds, criminal classes and their treatment, measures leading to the prevention of crime and pauperism, public kindergartens, hospitals, and the questions of emigration. These papers are taken bodily out of the minutes of each day's doings, and are grouped for greater ease in reading; and in the daily reports they are referred to by page. Following these essays come the reports from the various states, regarding the condition of reform among criminals and paupers, and kindred work. The chief part of the space remaining is devoted to the reports of each day's doings. The first session of the conference began on Thursday evening, July 15, 1886, and the last was held Wednesday evening, July 21. There were, in all, fifteen sessions—about an average of two each day for a week.

The delegates in attendance numbered several hundred, and the proceedings, so far as one can judge by careful reading of the minutes, seem to have been characterized by great interest and critical attention. The persons who actively participated in the discussions were, at least, one hundred and fifty in number, and through them nearly all the states and territories of the Union were represented. The

reader of this report cannot help drawing invidious distinctions as he sees certain states active in these great and generous public measures, while others are entirely silent. Surely, as we call the roll of the states and territories at a national conference, upon such themes as were presented here, no better criterion could be found of their position in the march of progress; one knows, beforehand, that *certain* states are *sure* to be represented, and is saddened, though not wholly surprised, when certain *others* do *not* respond to their names.

While the detailed minutes of each day's affairs present a vivid picture of some very sharp, vigorous controversies, the permanent interest of these reports groups itself about the *papers* and *essays* that were presented. They seem, in perusal, as fresh and vigorous as though the matters dealt with were entirely new; but we remember that it is the *thirteenth* annual conference we are noticing, and we wonder at and admire the untiring zeal that inspires to such fresh and broad treatment of these old themes.

One of the subjects most ably treated at this conference was of prisons and prison reform; essays were read by Governor Hoadly, Gen. Brinkerhoff and Z. R. Brackway; differences of opinion were expressed regarding the value of the "pardoning power" as exercised by the governors of states; on the one side it was distinctly denounced as creating a dangerous custom subversive of justice; and, on the other side, exactly the opposite view was taken. The matter of giving "indeterminate" sentences was discussed, and all seemed to recognize that some elasticity of time, some possibility of shortening

* Proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction held at St. Paul, Minnesota, July, 1886. Thirteenth Annual Report.

the term by good behavior, was beneficial in its effect on the convict. The old question of grading the prisoners was reverted to frequently, and the necessity for it was clearly demonstrated. Another question, which is not yet as clearly ventilated, is that of work done by convicts in competition with outside labor; the president, Mr. Neff, touched upon it in his opening address, and his opinion was echoed by later speakers. To all, the plan of allowing so many able-bodied men to remain among us as 'non-producers' seemed unwise and short-sighted; convict labor, and the product of such labor, of course, should not be sold at a lower price, but should be allowed free competition with honest labor.

A very broad and interesting paper is that of Mr. Levi Fulton on "Education as a Factor in Reform." In all these proposed measures, and the theories advanced, there is a wonderful advance over old methods; there is an intelligent application of common sense that is refreshing; yet, the new departure in the treatment of convicts seems to arise, not from any new light upon the subject, but in the change of the fundamental theory as to just what the *object* of prisons *is*; with that settled, with *reform*, and not *revenge*, as a motto, the work goes forward very rapidly.

Again, in the treatment of the vicious portion of our communities, one can see, at the conferences, a steady tendency toward *prevention*. We are learning, slowly, the truth of that old maxim that "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined"; and every unit of labor put on *juvenile* crime is as efficient as very many units put on *adult* crime.

As a feature of this "prevention" system, now taking prominence in our work, we may here speak of the "public kindergarten" system, which received a considerable proportion of attention at this conference. Constance Mackenzie read a paper upon the general subject, and was

followed by Heber Newton upon the special subject of "Kindergartens in their bearing upon the prevention of crime." "From 1873 to 1886, the number of kindergarten children in this country has been steadily increasing from a handful of one thousand to twenty thousand." And Mr. Newton closes his paper in the following words: "Education is the true preventive of crime, and the foundation of a normal education lies in the kindergarten."

In the papers and discussions upon the treatment of the insane, great hopefulness is shown, not so much in general results achieved throughout the country as in the results of wise and earnest treatment in certain typical cases. Judging from the facts adduced by some of the speakers, it seems clear that many of our insane, who are now held in close surveillance, might be better dealt with, and more *economically*, too, if given more freedom and some occupation that should help to work off that surplus energy which now often breaks out in violent revolt. Cases were cited where this sensible theory has been satisfactorily tested. The uneasiness evinced by many patients comes solely from restraint and the lack of physical exercise. An interesting case was given where a patient who had shown a wrong disposition, and had repeatedly run away, was made errand-boy, to walk to the village and back several times a day; and this satisfied the roving instinct within him, and insured perfect tractability. Another patient, who was often violent, was put in charge of a team of well-broken horses, and became at once docile and useful. How much more reasonable such discriminating methods seem than any previous system has ever been! In this department of "Insanity," the same tendency toward the "cottage" system is shown that was shown in the treatment of juvenile criminals; the factor which seems needed for both these classes is the "personal" one; and this contest of mind with mind, and heart

with heart, is best attained by dividing and subdividing into small groups; if you crush out a human being's individuality, and reduce him to a "number" in a vast institution, you kill out the best there is in him; you sink far out of sight that part by which alone there is hope of reforming him.

The subject of charity was opened by a report from W. Alexander Johnson, chairman of the "Committee on the Organization of Charity." In this report, after statistical results had been dealt with, the subject of *savings-banks* as an instrument of reform among unthrifty classes was adverted to, though at no great length. This matter seems worthy of more careful attention; in these days, we are withdrawing *outside adventitious* supports from those we are trying to help, and we are looking largely for some force *within* these classes upon which we may rely; is not this fundamental instinct of selfishness as strong as any, and is it not a higher form of this instinct, which is roused by the possession of a bank-book and a sense of ownership? Many a family would be roused to *continue* such saving and depositing, if once it were begun for them; the *amount* matters not so much as the fact of *saving* and *owning* something.

The paper, by Nathaniel S. Rosenau, regarding charity work in Buffalo, has, among matters of interest, an account of the *Crèche* (or day boarding-house for babies), which is successfully operating in that city. Space does not permit much attention to be here given to it, but reference may be made to the fact that the mothers are expected to *pay* for the care taken of the children, a point of vital importance in sound charity reform; the sum paid may be small, but *something* must

be paid; the difference between three cents and two cents is slight, and so is the difference between two cents and one; but between the *one* and *nothing* is a wide chasm which can swallow up the whole reform.

No profounder question in the wide field of charity discussion is opened up than that which was presented in a brief paper by George B. Buzelle, on "Individuality in the Work of Charity." It emphasized a principle which is slowly and surely forcing itself into the conviction of every person who has had practical experience in charitable work; and the progress of sound reform in the treatment of paupers, criminals, and insane persons, will be measured, in the future, by the increased attention given to this principle in these various departments.

"Trampery" was the laconic title given to his paper by Mr. W. L. Bull, in which he gives the results of very careful research and sound judgment. Mr. Bull sent circulars over the country asking of certain persons statistics regarding the tramp nuisance; and the list of "causes" given in these returned circulars is highly amusing. But the paper is a very serious one, and the opinion of its writer certainly deserves attention, when he urges the "Wayfarer's Lodge" as the best remedy he knows.

This report is encouraging, and even stimulating. In reading it, one is struck by the large number of Scripture phrases used by the speakers; and noticing, also, that among those speakers may be found representatives of creeds supposed to be very antagonistic, the reader cannot help feeling that, after all, this noble work of our century among the vicious and unfortunate is only Christianity in new guise. May God speed it! J. B. GILMAN.

MASSACHUSETTS REPORTS OF PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

THE annual reports of the Massachusetts public institutions of reform and charity have just been issued. Massachusetts supports five lunatic hospitals; viz., Danvers, Worcester, Northampton, Taunton and Westborough. The last is not yet completed. Arrangements are being made to accommodate 730 patients, and to relieve in this manner the other over-crowded hospitals.

LUNATIC HOSPITALS.

Danvers.

More room is needed for the patients. A farm and greenhouse are carried on here, and many of the patients are employed in the work. The greenhouse, in particular, gives much pleasure to the inmates of the hospital during the long winter months. Entertainments have been provided, also religious services for those who are able to attend, and many gifts have been received from friends. During the year, 514 patients have been admitted—nineteen more than the previous year. The whole number at the beginning of the year was 752. Of the whole number, six were self-committed. The statistics show a large excess of foreign parentage.

Worcester.

When the present hospital was built, ten years ago, it was considered too large for the purpose; but for the last two years it has been filled to its utmost capacity. At the beginning of the year there were 789 patients, and 323 were admitted during the year. The average weekly cost has been \$3.75; overrunning by thirty-two cents the amount allowed by law for the support of the public insane poor. The deficiency has been more than made up by private patients and friends. It is curious to note that the spinning-wheels of our grandmothers have been used with great success in employing the female patients.

Northampton.

The number of patients at the beginning of the year was 476—admitted during the year 183. The farm gives employment to many of the patients and is a source of income. The earnings of the hospital this year exceed the preceding year. No extra aid has been received from the state since 1867. The amount fixed by law for each public patient has been paid by the state, city or town. The average weekly cost is \$3.18. The sanitary condition is reported satisfactory.

Taunton.

The complaint here is also of insufficient accommodations. The daily average of the year has been 130 more than the estimated capacity. More than 100 beds have been made each night in the corridors. This year, the grounds are for the first time well walled in, and drive-ways and walks have been laid out for the enjoyment of the patients. A greenhouse is also nearly finished. There were 656 patients in the hospital at the beginning of the year, and 328 were afterwards admitted.

The statistics for the year show the

	No. of patients.	No. recovered.	Average weekly cost per patient.
Danvers . . .	1,266	92	\$ 3.84
Worcester . . .	1,109	65	3.57
Northampton . .	659	29	3.18
Taunton . . .	984	75	3.45
Totals . . .	4,018	261	Average, 3.51

Many of the people who are sent to these hospitals are what is called criminally insane, and others inebriates. The trustees at Taunton call loudly to have this corrected. They say "there is reason to fear that many fellow creatures in this commonwealth have been doomed to torture, hopeless insanity and death, who might have been restored to health, reason and their friends." On the other side, they complain that twenty-five of the

most quiet, harmless patients, whose proper home was the hospital, were sent to the state work-house.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED,
SO. BOSTON.

This institution is not for the insane, but children of weak minds. They are admitted at six years, and developed according to their ability. An average of 148 children, about the same number as for the past three or four years, have been sheltered and trained in the school, which is no longer a pauper institution. During the past year, an Act of Legislature restored the school to its rightful place among the educational institutions of the state. The annual cost of each pupil has been \$202.31.

STATE WORK-HOUSE AT BRIDGEWATER.

The average number of inmates has been less the past year than formerly. A large portion of the inmates are criminals and a large number paupers. An insane department will soon be added. From the character of the inmates, it is suggested to change the name to State Farm. There were 870 inmates during the past year, of which number 603 were discharged, leaving 267 at the beginning of the present year (Oct., 1886).

STATE ALMSHOUSE AT TEWKSBURY.

This is an institution for those adult paupers who have no legal "settlement" in any one of the 340 towns of Massachusetts. The largest number of inmates at any one time during the year in this institution was in February, when there were 1,120. The number supported the whole, or part, of the year was 3,040. The daily average has been 80 less than last year, and the cost of maintenance has been \$1.76 per week, each. Appropriations have been made for building new hospitals on the premises. The various departments are already full and constantly receiving additions.

STATE PRIMARY AND REFORM SCHOOLS.

The schools are the State Primary, at

Monson, the Lyman School for boys, at Westborough, and the State Industrial School for girls, at Lancaster.

At the State Primary School, the children are taught the things which will tend to make them useful in later years. At the beginning of the year there were 393 inmates; 194 were admitted, 219 have been discharged for various reasons, leaving 368 now on the roll. The general health of the school is good.

The Lyman School for boys is supported in part by a fund. In this school the "cottage or family system" prevails, and with great success. From 25 to 30 boys form a family, with a competent matron and officers. The youngest boy committed last year was six years old. The whole number of boys in school during the year was 198. Of these, 108 were discharged, leaving 90 in school at the beginning of the year.

The State Industrial School, at Westborough, trains girls for both in-door and out-door work. They are taught the light work on the farm, all kinds of housework, sewing, etc. Like the Lyman School, it is upon the "cottage" system. There have been, during the year, 148 pupils, of which 78 have been discharged.

PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASS. SCHOOL
FOR THE BLIND.

In the various departments of this institution, there have been, during the past year, 172 inmates. Since then, 30 were admitted and 22 discharged; 158 are in the school proper and 22 in the work-shop for adults. The number in actual attendance has been larger than ever before. There is a steady increase of applicants, which cannot be received on account of the limited quarters. It has been proposed to establish a kindergarten, and a liberal subscription has purchased the ground and gone far toward building. There will be a debt, however, of about \$12,000 for finishing, furnishing, employment of teachers, etc.

BARTY, THE LITTLE VAGABOND.

BY MISS ANNE WALES ABBOT.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the boys were potting plants under the direction of Mrs. Hamilton, a bundle came over the garden fence, almost upon her head.

"Things for Dick—he wont accept them, sent in such a way as this," said Gray, who had opened the package and recognized the outgrown winter suit.

"I don't know if they're for me," said Dick. "I never asked, you know."

A card in the pocket said, "From Hen to Gray's intimate friend."

"I thank him most kindly, tell him. If I did not take them, he'd think I was huffy after his chaffing. Oh, my! they be warm. Last winter, I had such kind——" Gray stared. "I had to travel without a carpet-bag, being in a hurry." A bitter laugh, and then Dick took up his work again.

When the jacket came home, flannel shirts came with it; Mrs. Hamilton's present. The thanks uttered were natural enough, but it was the sparkling eye and rare smile that spoke to her heart. To please Graham, Dick went and dressed himself up, and he sat down in the parlor, as if he felt quite at home. Gray went away on an errand. When he returned, he found, to his surprise, the boy had not moved, but sat leaning his cheek upon his hand. He did not speak, or even look at him. That dreadful grinder!

Gray thought he would not like pity, so, not claiming his notice, he went softly away.

It was the mind that was uneasy. He hardly understood why he was uncomfortable—it felt so natural to be well dressed!—and the pleasant room was much more natural to him than the kitchen. Was it the self-love that spurns obligation that was disturbing him? He was too generous, and always ready to give, to be burdened by a claim upon his gratitude. He had been specially gratified by Mrs. Hamilton's kind gift; she was Gray's mother, so it seemed truly motherly to the lone boy.

He was haunted by a vague fear, a desire to run away from he knew not what, that was like a fetter. He disturbed no one; all were truly friendly. He looked at his fresh garments with a feeling of impatience; he fought with the comfort he felt in them as an enemy to his liberty. Now he was expected to take root, to be bound, as it were, hand and foot, unless he resumed his rags. If he accepted so much good-will and kind help, was it not mean to hold back his confidence? Neither was he to be bribed to give that; he had his own pride.

He would be a vagrant once more—only he could not grieve Graham. The bond he could not impatiently and rashly break was the friendship—the genuine fellowship—between him and the tender little fellow.

And he went out to see him feed his chickens. When there was no little sister to be good to, he had pets given him to look down to, and to befriend. As no one of his chickens could ever be sold or killed, his poultry-yard was a large piece of ground, at last. He had several kinds of fowls and four young turkeys.

"Now what a fool a hen is!" remarked Graham. "An ant, I verily believe, has more brains, according to——"

"There's odds in hens, as well as in deacons," said Dick, brushing off a box to sit upon.

"My favorite is the little bantam. Just you see! The hens peck at her, so she can't eat out of their pan. I give *her* the best supper. What do you think the dear little thing did when I took all her eggs away?"

"Stole a nest?" suggested Dick.

"Better than that! The gate blew to and killed a hen that had a brood. She adopted 'em!"

"What, without being tied?"

"And that is not all. The old Black hatched out my five turkey eggs I had as a present, and she would not own the turkey-chickens, so Banty, she mothered them, too."

Gray threw a boiled potato down, and the tiny hen pecked it to crumbs and began to cluck. Instantly, the long-legged turkey-chicks came from every quarter, and five chickens, half-flying to get a share.

"She hardly takes one bit herself, you see. Banty, I love ye!" said Graham, leaning forward to look at Dick's face. Seeing its expression, he drew back immediately. Turning farther away, Dick said, "The turkeys were lucky fellows."

"They've got no mother, and the one that ought to have taken care on 'em was cruel to 'em. Here comes Banty, soft and kind, and pretty, and generous; she hovers 'em. What would you say, Gray, if, all of a sudden, Banty drove 'em out in the street? Would you keep on loving her?"

"But she would not!"

"If she done it, it would not be worse than's been done to me. I was made much of—like a son—where be I now?"

"Where? My father'll take care of you—I cannot tell what he would not do for you, if you would trust him—tell him all that was queer, you know, about you."

"I can't. I wont. Fur's I know, he'd think proper to give me up; he's a lawyer! Graham, I am going away."

"Where to?" asked Graham, pouting.

"I don't care! Let the snow come. I'll make it my bed. It will be quick over! If I can, I'll be close to their door. They shall find me where they found me afore—stiff and stark this time."

"No, they shan't! Whose door, for pity's sake?"

"I didn't say. But may be I will; I'll write to tell her I loved her all the same, and never forgot all she done for me," and Dick's voice was choked.

"You sha'n't go before father comes; he's your friend, if he is a lawyer." Dick agreed to wait.

"I'll give you my cropple-crowned fowls, to stay. See that splendid rooster, standing on one foot, shaking his crown to keep it out of his eyes, as you used to your hair! Now he has made up his mind which way to go, and put down tother foot, Biddy—bidibidibidibidibidi—he's coming to see his new owner."

"Would not you gi' me your head?" said Barty, laughing.

"You have a good head of your own," said Graham. "I'd change even."

"Well; we've swopped. Mine's your own; yourn's mine."

Dick's mood had changed, and they played together with a deal of fun and

boyish talk, till a word of doubtful propriety leaped out of the mouth of one and sent the other straight into the house.

"Time I was amongst birds of my own feather," thought Barty. "I'm no mate for him. But I'll not go, without I've bade *her* good-by."

Gray ran by his mother, and bolted himself into his room. He always came to her with any bodily hurt, and confidently would cry, if he pitied himself about it—so she anxiously looked about to dispose of Mary, and go to him. She espied Dick, coming towards her slowly, wringing his cap with an embarrassed air. Mary resorted to him, asking that he would make her a "tart," a request he understood, when Mrs. Hamilton offered him a pasteboard box and a ball of cord for material. Sorrow was no new burden for him, as it was to Graham, so he was soon laughing at the summersets of doll passengers as merrily as if he had not a care in the world. The sound, and his mother's promise to have a plain talk with Dick, brought Gray down-stairs with red eyelids and smiling lips. He took Mary in charge, and Dick went to help bring in the plants, newly potted for the winter.

"This English groundsel (people call it German ivy—it is not an ivy at all!) you will take it up for me to-morrow?"

"I'll be fur from here by then," said Barty. "I am bound to go. It is hard to say good-by—I would slip off, unbeknownst, only if anything was missing after it'd be laid to me. It's happened me before."

"Tell me all about it, Dick."

"I'm liable, any way, but I am innocent. There's a fellow that makes no more bones of false swearing than a hen of a grasshopper. I balked him, and run myself into a scrape I don't know how to get out of."

"The law holds all safe till proved guilty."

"It's a double-edged sword, law is. Cuts right and left! Well—I'd be lodged snug in the Jug, if it warn't for the company—there's worse things than closed doors in cold weather."

"Boys so young are sent to the reform school, often."

"What's that?"

Mrs. Hamilton hoped to make a pleasant impression, and the reform school and the school ship were painted as the training for a good career in life.

"Could I get in without being a criminal? I'd like such kind o' schoolin, with boys worse than me, and as back'ard."

Mrs. Hamilton was confounded.

"Shouldn't think they'd ought to make it pay to steal rather better than to be honest!" No answer.

"Oh, I see—I must let myself be took up! And I never will, to be branded with the letter T, even to get to handle my tongue like folks—like Graham. I never knew what a boy could be until I come here. Mostly fathers and mothers say to goody boys, 'Oh, never go a-nighst a ragged one'—'play with clean fellows; they're allays good?' Which they aint so! Only you see the ragged and the bad have to herd together, and all hate them kind that aint allowed to speak to us, nor look at us, 'cept from high above."

"I am ashamed to say I wanted to send you away—I feared to trust Gray with you. But now I hope I have helped his father and him to make you happy—and to do you good."

"Oh, if I deserved it, I'd stay on and work for you till I dropped down!"

"What I want you to do for me is to consult my husband—tell him all you have been through."

"I wish there was somebody to tell it all out like a printed book! I know it'd make you cry, for you'd think of Graham. I can't help crying to think of you pitying me—though I have been too miserable to cry, mostly, all through. I don't cry for hard knocks; no, nor for hunger, nor rags, nor for cussing and driving away, like any cur dog—being denied a home after I took root like your plants! I'm tough! I fear nothing but being shut up in four walls—or dying and she never knowing of it, to bury me by her Willie."

"*She?*" said Mrs. Hamilton, inquiringly.

"My knife isn't any good, or I'd cut off this dry stick——"

"Oh! that's not a hopeless case—lost its leaves by that early frost, do you remember?"

"Bet I do! I was out-doors all night. Next cold pinch I was let into your barn. Perhaps I and this plant may come to something, by and by. I wish I was a-going to be as safe as it from Jack Frost's cruel fingers, I do!"

Mary being discovered sitting in the chess table turned upside down, Gray was ordered to restore it to its corner, with box on top, exactly in the middle. "And write this scratch it has met with in your pocket-book, mind. What will my pattern boy maul next, I wonder."

The next thing Gray did was to tumble up the door-steps with a fuchsia, breaking its brittle boughs. But the plant was his own.

"Father is responsible for this mischief," he declared.

"How so?"

"Even grown people stumble there, because one step, the upper one, is half an inch higher than the rest."

"Curious! How do you know?"

"Dick measured it with my foot-rule."

"I saw him measuring the length of his own nose, and the depth of the red cavern beneath. So he found out this trap for the feet of the unwary?"

"I could make you some trellusses," said Barty; "gi me tools that'll cut. I staid to a joiner till I dropped a chisel on to my toe. I saw his young one dragging a broad-ax—I tho't he'd come to grief. But the little fellow fit and screeched when I went to get it away from him. 'Let him alone, he's got to cut hisself once,' said his father."

"A cruel father!" cried Gray.

"I am not so sure," said his mother. "You pitched over my high fender, and your little hand was smartly burned. After that, you cried 'You'll fall into the fire' if anybody went near it."

"Some use in pain," said Barty. "Only toothache, that's wasted, fur as I know."

"Oh, no!"

"Why! what good can it do?" cried both boys, putting a hand on a cheek, as if the pain might hear and come back.

"Consider."

Barty looked at Gray, and he at Barty; one a little sullenly—not the one who believed with all his heart in the love of the Father above.

The sullen face brightened up. "If we'd never felt no pain, we'd have no more feeling for't than a brute—not half so much as little Bantam."

"Excellent," said Mrs. Hamilton. "My boy was more manly last night about the toothache, seeing your uncomplaining endurance of it! He will not be babyish any more."

Dick reined in his smiles (though the praise was felt as a rare luxury) and said, gruffly, "call it bravery, or toughness—what you like. I've been beat black and blue; I never yelled. I have had my ears boxed by a hand as soft as a wood-chuck's paw, and cried all night after it."

"Why—how was that?" cried Graham.

"Love made all the odds. My drunken step-father might have pounded me to jelly—I would *not* call his new wife mother, nor her boys brothers. There they are living in my father's house, I suppose, this very minute. And I'm—where I be."

"You ran away?"

"I jest lived out-doors, cuddling anywhere I could, like a dropped kitten."

"How old were you then?"

"Don't know, justly; nigh upon Chubby's age, perhaps. Oh, it seems a hundred years ago! But I have thought about it more since I—well, my troubles began way back. My poor mother could not make me mind her. I went wrong, and if my troubles are ever to come to an end, why, it'll be by my going right."

CHAPTER IX.

Barty never took a meal at the cook's table. His bowl of milk he called for when he chose. But he felt the attraction of the kitchen fire, now the evenings were cold. Tom had his own table and lamp in a corner, and Barty was welcome to sit reading at his elbow, after Graham had gone to bed.

Cook had a peck of barberries to pick over, with no help from Bridget. Not her work, indeed! Barty offered assistance, laying aside his book. Cook tossed him a towel, of which he made an apron with the twine always found in a boy's pocket. He went as cheerfully into the business as if he had been thanked by look or word, and Tom, looking on, talking, picked a few bunches. Finally, he drew up a chair, and went to work in earnest.

Barty was half hoping, half dreading, to be called into the parlor, by Mr. Hamilton, for a cross-questioning he could hardly decide to resist any longer. There would still be the resource of running away—that very night! It was late when Mrs. Hamilton came to give orders for breakfast. As she went away, she said: "Take a candle to-night, Dick; I prefer you should. I shall come up to take it. Now go to bed." Her smile had a peculiar meaning, he thought, especially when she praised him for being of use; and cook said he ought to be where he'd have to, instead of *loafing round*.

With a sweeping nod, to make his "Good-night" general, Barty took his light and went. Tom civilly responded, the women only shrugged their shoulders. Tom threw down his berries, and returned to his paper, saying, "Mark my words; he'll rise, and you wot."

"Set him up! Such a grand bow!" cried cook.

"Beggars a-horseback," said Biddy, spitefully.

"Up three flights, to put his candle out for him," continued cook. "Massy sake!"

A little out of breath, indeed, Mrs. Hamilton brought a chair to the side of the

sofa bed, and sat down, before she asked the very startling question, "Are you Barton Wheelock?"

He gazed at her, with open mouth.

"Because he is advertised for, *to hear something to his advantage.*"

"Trap!" cried Barty, turning pale.

"Signature, A. L. Smith; address—here, read it."

"Oh, they're cunning! It is only they think I'd trust *him*. That's his lunch place in town. I went there—we had oysters and cream-cakes—it was when he bought my clo's—I was along of him, that day—I was going to Burton Hill—I'll tell you all about it."

"And you will go in with Mr. Hamilton to answer the advertisement?"

"No, that I don't—not by no means! This fly is not to be caught with molasses, even if it's true it's *her* that wants me back. Honey, and then vinegar! I wont!"

"Then they have not dealt kindly by you?"

"I never claimed nothing! I ask nothing of 'em. Wont have nothing! My *advantage!* Guess so! Once she could have moulded me like butter; not now."

Mrs. Hamilton, while he went on to tell his history to the last day on the farm, was busy in privately abstracting his old shoes, to replace them with a new pair.

"And were they kind to you at the farm?"

"Oh, kind enough—they don't go to make a cosset of a boy. He has to rough it; and better so! I had nobody brushing my hair, and washing my neck—calling me pet names. Ha! ha! Tucking me up in bed? Luck, if I wasn't kicked out on the floor by Phil."

"And so you ran away?"

"I had to. You better believe I was sorry to leave my own little Chooky, that was prettier than a cosset lamb, with his cunning little pettoes, and his funny little snout. Plenty of skim-milk made him grow; and so clean!—washed every single morning as I was myself. I had beans a-growing—I already had roasted ears of sweet-corn—all my own. We all had to work; I had enough to do! I went to bed tired, and got up jolly—I was getting on to be quite a little farmer; I liked the life. O dear! I have got nothing more to say."

Barty closed his eyes, and turned away his head.

"You will think about these friends who are beckoning you?"

"Unless I was dying, I'd never go back to Mrs. Smith. If you knew all, you'd not wonder. I will love her as long as I breathe the-breath o' life. But trust her? Never again."

"Boxing your ears such an unpardonable outrage?"

Dick laughed, and said nothing.

"I shall call you Barty, now I know your name! Barty, will you say the Lord's prayer with me, before I bid you good-night?"

"I have forgot some of it—left it off when I was so unhappy—made me think of her soft hands holding mine, and her good-night kisses. They didn't mean no great things—not to hang on to in trouble."

They repeated the prayer together.

"Christ's own words, *she* said."

"As *we* forgive——"

"Yes'm—I'll try."

"And do not again turn from the one Friend, always the same, when you most need comfort."

And she kissed him good-night.

CHAPTER X.

"Lost! Lost!"

Mrs. Smith never spoke of her lost boy, but she spent her lonely days grieving for him. Not for her *dead* son; he was safe from bad examples; he was safe from cold, hunger, pain. In vain she said to herself that she had been under no obligation to adopt another person's son. But she had meant to be a mother to that friendless child; she *had* undertaken it, and been unfaithful. Lost, lost, lost!

One day, when Mr. Smith came home, she looked at him with eyes that did not seem to see him. "If I cannot get any notice, I'll go somewhere else for a welcome," said he, and put on his hat again. Going to the door, he stood, looking roguishly over his shoulder. She ran to take off his hat, and hang it on its peg in the entry. Then he tossed on a cap, holding his head high, and jumping about all the time, so that his little wife could not reach to knock it off. Then she burst into tears, and told him to go, like a selfish man, and leave her to mope alone all the evening, as she had done all the day.

"I sha'n't, if you care; you did not seem to! It is you who are selfish, burying your heart in your dear boy's grave. Must I lose wife and son, both?"

The little woman wiped her tears, and smiled. She said it was really too bad for him, after hard work and business worries, that made him weary and cross, not to come to a cheerful home, and leave it all behind. He would find he was not forgotten, when tea came in, with his favorite cakes. And the last stitch had been put to his warm, new shirts! Here were his shabby old slippers, warming for him; he could not see the beauties ready for his birthday! He would find a cosy chip fire in the dining-room. Did he see the vases? There were gentians in them. Pond lilies were over now.

After tea, they drew the short sofa before the fire, and sat down to enjoy it together, their elbows on their knees. "This is comfort," said Mr. Smith, offering his palms to the genial warmth.

"Only I can't help thinking of the poor little fellow who used to sit here between us, and our finding him, half-frozen, on the door-step."

"Those bruised limbs touched your soft heart, but I knew then you would tire of him; you have not a bit of patience!"

"I have great need of it to bear with you," she said, giving him a push that made him laugh. "I was better than you! You thought it was romantic to take him in."

"Oh, no! no! What else could we do that cold night, and his home a mile off?"

"Home—where he was starved and beaten, on purpose to make him run away!"

"I did not know you thought much about him," said the husband, kindly. "I should have respected you the more, if I had known there was trouble on your mind on his account."

"I was ashamed to tell you how much I felt," said she, wiping her eyes. "If he should resort to us ever so much changed for the worse, I would take up the work of bringing him up in a different, a more unselfish spirit. I shall feel happier now—it was a heavy burden I have been bearing alone."

"I must tell you, then—I have taken measures to trace him. Martin Wheelock, in revenge upon his wife, who had him taken up for drunken abuse of the family, has taken measures to turn her out of the house, which does not belong to him at all; it is Barty's. So I have advertised for him."

"I should expect my boy at once, then, if he had not got such a fright, thinking

us all against him. I have prayed, with tears, that he might be given back to me, if it was for his good. Now I have faith—I have hope. But I hope he'll never know of my paying Grush that money!"

"Let us talk of something else. I have not been able to find a house that will suit us better than this. I shall build."

"No; let us stay here, just here, where Barty can find us. I would not move, if I could. Where is he now, I wonder! It is such a night as that when we found him."

Where was Barty? What a picture it was, could she have seen the one light spot in the cavernous attic, the picturesque old couch, the Madonna-like woman bending over the boy, his sad, earnest face, as he was talking of her, at last brightening with the promise to try to forgive her—to let the love that yearned for her ever, at the bottom of his heart, overcome the bitter resentment that was always uppermost.

When the early day-beams came in at the sky-light, the boy started, awake, rapidly put on his clothes, with a momentary surprise at the new shoes, and climbed the ladder to look out. Disconsolate was the view in the gray light; dead dahlias standing in the garden, black and flat squash vines beyond; a village dark and still, as if the people were lying dead, too.

He came down, heavy-hearted, and seated himself on a sea-chest, to consider. The day before, he and Gray had rummaged and brought out of it some old New Orleans papers, and they were lying there. He thought of the advertisements of escaped slaves, accompanied with the picture of Sambo, running off with a bag, and angrily remembered he had himself been advertised for by name, proclaimed as a vagabond, as if he was somebody's property. The vagueness of the expression, "to hear something to his advantage," provoked him. Why not say what he was wanted for? It was a lure; a covert attack upon his liberty. No one had a claim upon him! It was nobody's business to hunt him. It was forlorn to belong to no one; he knew by experience that a boy was not sufficient to himself, and *must* suffer by taking himself into his own hands.

Was it really and truly Mr. Smith who was "after him?" If so, he would consider about it. It would be a pleasure to look up to him, or to Mr. Hamilton, for advice and direction, even to obey, where he trusted. Perforce—no; he would continue to be his own master, though life was to be a struggle simply to eat—just to live, and not die.

Was it Grush? Was he to answer for every abominable thing Phil chose to swear to against him? A panic, that was beyond all debating or reasoning, fell upon him. Boy-like, he stopped thinking, and acted on impulse. He took off his new clumpers, and put his old shoes, readily found, into his pocket, before rushing down the stairs. They creaked, as stairs have a trick of doing, though carpeted; and it checked him a little. He unfastened a window, and was about to lift the sash, when it occurred to him that he had Graham's knife in his pocket. Where would it be safe, yet readily seen? It must not be missing! It would not take a minute to run and lay it at Gray's chamber door. He stood leaning against it, feeling in his pocket to find a bit of chalk, as it would be unkind to leave his friend without one farewell word! It burst open, and he fell headlong, laying Graham flat upon the floor, too! He had heard the fumbling in the dark entry, and, supposing it was Puss, rubbing to and fro, had come in his night-gown to let her in. Graham's loud mirth was hushed by a light rap on the partition. He shut the door softly, and, without wondering that his guest had come so very, very early, whispered to him to take a seat on his bed, while the crawled in to get warm.

"Dick, it is Sunday; do you know?"

"Call me Barty. I am Barton Wheelock."

"Barty, or Dick, all one to me. No business to-day! We have papa all to ourselves. You shall join us in our read. We've got into Jonah. Don't be afraid of sitting on my feet."

"I am going down now," said Barty, gloomily.

"What for? Nobody's there! Please stay, I so want you to. Don't, don't go!"

A strong will is a curious thing; it will break a rope, and be bound by a silken thread. The very gentleness of Gray's entreaty made it hard for Barty to oppose himself to it. He threw himself, face down, across the foot of the bed. He was still longing to be cut adrift, and be lost; to go where he was unknown—to be like a leaf blown about by the wind, resting nowhere, having no hold. He was half-crazy to be again a vagrant, without a care, with no responsibility.

Graham knew not that he was a guardian angel. He did not dream of the temptation; he did not guess at the struggle.

To be continued.

"LEND A HAND," OUR TEMPERANCE SHIP.

BY REV. W. P. T.

HURRAH! Hurrah! for our Temperance Ship!

She's afloat on the crested wave.

"All hands ahoy!" is the call of joy,

For a voyage to seek and save.

Her keel and frames, of pasture oak,

Grew on New England hills.

Her bracing knees are roots of trees,

Watered by mountain rills.

Her fastening strong, from mines of truth,

Is made of purest ore;

Her spars, from Maine, will bear the strain.

Howe'er the gale may roar.

Her life-boats, buoyant as the gull

That loves the foaming wave,

Are stoutly manned, with sturdy hand,

The wildest storm to brave.

We'll skirt the coast, we'll search the reefs,

We'll sound the bars and shoals,

Where, tempest-tossed, good ships are lost,

Freighted with human souls.

"O man aloft! keep open eye,

And tell whate'er you see;

Look sharply round the horizon's bound,

To windward and to lee."

"Breakers! breakers!" "Oh! where away?"

"About three points to lee."

"'Tis Grog-shop Bar, well known afar
By the stranded wrecks I see."

"O man at the wheel! let her bear away,
And ease her yards to the wind;
Keep the breakers ahead, and throw the lead,
And we'll see what we can find."

"There's a ship in the surf, with mainmast gone,
Thumping upon the shoals.
'Tis the 'Drinking Rover' half-seas over,
Crowded with perishing souls."

"To the boats, my lads! O bear a hand,
And launch them into the wave;
Pull, pull for the wreck! see the souls on deck,
On the brink of a yawning grave."

The foremast falls! "Put in, my braves!
Lay hold with a manly grip!
Give stalwart strokes, and throw the ropes,
For the breakers sweep the ship!"

* * * * *

The boats are coming, gunwale deep;
O hear the joyful cry!
"All safe aboard!" is the glad'ning sound,
That mounts from sea to sky.

Welcome aboard! Welcome aboard!
O welcome, every one!
Come join our band, and lend a hand;
Our voyage has just begun.

There's many a reef, there's many a shoal,
There's many a dangerous coast,
There's many a "*bar*," both near and far,
Where noble ships are lost.

O man aloft, keep open eye,
And tell whate'er you see.
Look sharply round the horizon's bound,
To windward and to lee.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for our Temperance Ship!
She's afloat on the crested wave!
"All hands ahoy!" is the call of joy,
For a voyage to seek and save.

MR. TANGIER'S VACATIONS.

BY E. E. HALE.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. TANGIER arrived suddenly in chaos.

The stillness of the whole scene but a minute before, as the flames and smoke rose into the sky, and the family looked on, almost without a word, had seemed strange to him. With his plunge through the window he had entered a very different world.

At the bottom of this world, as a critic on Dante might say, was a dirty, deep pit, five or six feet beneath the surface of the world without, to which Nathan usually descended by a ladder from the cabin itself, which stood upon the surer level of mankind. Upon this rickety ladder Mr. Tangier fell heavily as he sprang through the window. The crazy thing broke with his weight, and he came heavily down on his side in the filthy hay and straw, which was heaped up as the first foundation of the hens' palace. It was pitch-dark. For the wall of the house on that side had not given way, and the door by which Nathan had entered, by a bit of forethought, was so made as to swing to after it had been opened, which prevented visits from the poultry into the kitchen or sitting-room from that entrance.

Nathan was himself wallowing in the muck heap, doing unequal battle with a cockerel which he had seized. The hens were yelling in mad flight above, unintelligent as hens always are. For they are the most stupid animals yet discovered. A few minutes, however, were enough for them. The open window which Mr. Tangier had destroyed gave them means of escape, which they had not before. Nathan had sense enough to perceive this, and let the rooster follow them, releasing him at last from the stout hold he had kept upon his legs. *

It was not so easy for Mr. Tangier and Nathan to follow, and withdraw from the place of battle.

The hen-house, like everything else in Sabriny Wotchs's way, was used now for a different purpose from that for which it had been made. It may be added that it was as nearly unfit for the purpose of a hen-house as it could be. Nathan had himself made the ladder by which, on necessity, he could descend into it from the low door-way. A larger door-way, which opened from the side, was closed at night against the attacks of foxes or fox-like men, and was made fast, as Nathan hastily explained to Mr. Tangier, by what he called a "timber" pushed against it on the outside. It opened on the level of the average world, and was six or seven feet above them as they stood, or reclined, and rapidly discussed the position.

Mr. Tangier would have made light of the difference of level—did make light of it at first. But, on the first effort he made to raise himself by his hands from the hole in which he and Nathan were immured, he found to his disgust—not to say his dismay—that he had sprained his wrist. The fingers of the hand refused to clasp on the stone of the cellar wall as he bade them. And the arm itself, from elbow to shoulder, was so strained that he found it hard to lift it as high as his head.

Here they were, then, safe enough for the minute, but knowing, both of them, that they were not safe for two minutes. He would have been a bold man who would have sought to pass through the burning cabin. They had, however, no chance for such desperate courage, for the fall of the ladder had made retreat impossible through the door. The window which had let out the fowls was high above their heads, but it seemed the only feasible escape. For a little, light boy, and a strong and athletic man, it appeared at the first an easy escape. But one and another effort showed the man that he was not strong, and showed him, also, that fear was not giving his companion wings. On the other hand, the lad was ineffably stupid in the presence of danger, and had already begun to cry.

Once and again, with his left hand, Mr. Tangier set up against the wall the short remaining bit of the ladder—lifted the boy upon it—and instructed him as to the best way of clambering to the sill beam of the shed above them, from which he would easily swing himself out of the window. Once and again the fallacious stick rolled away under the boy, and he fell heavily back in the mud heap. Mr. Tangier, in the grim presence of danger, could not help remembering John Bunyan, and the long-continued and useless labors of the man at the house of the Interpreter. He was himself well aware that he could probably save himself by only using the counsels which he gave the boy. But he had not entered the shed so abruptly, simply to get out of it. And the clearer closed the danger, the clearer was his duty.

"Is not there a barrel, Nathan? is not there any old box here? What do you keep the corn in?"

"Aint no corn. Wasn't never no corn. Never feed 'em with corn. Aint got none"—sobbed and slobbered the boy.

"Don't cry, Nathan, don't cry—there is no good crying—don't you think of any thing like an old rake, or a pitchfork?"—for all was still black darkness.

"Aint no pitchfork. Never was none. Dan Haggerty, he stole the rake; come 'n' got it day I was at the March meetin, 'n' never fothed it back agin—never had no rake agin!" Thus the boy blubbered, as Mr. Tangier, with little help from him, again braced the bit of stick, which seemed his only resource; placed Nathan's foot upon it, and bade him catch by the fowl's roosting-rail, and swing himself towards the window. The feeble rail broke under the boy's weight and he fell, much as Mr. Tangier had done, and blubbered more lustily than before.

At this moment, a sudden lurid light relieved them from their darkness. But the relief was scarcely encouraging. It simply showed Mr. Tangier, for the first time, where he was. It explained to him his strange failure thus far, which had seemed, indeed, like the powerlessness of a dream. He was in an oblong hole, roughly walled with stones, which had, however, been laid so carefully that in the darkness they had given no hold to feet or fingers. The bottom of this hole was the abyss of rotten muck, which he and Nathan had been sounding. Above it was the shed, which the blaze of the roof enabled him, for the first time, to see.

He saw also, however, and in an instant acted on the sight, a bit of board above his head, which had made a part of an old floor. With the bit of ladder left to him, he was able to start this from the stones into which it was built. By word and example he showed the boy how to pull with him upon his lever, and in an instant more the floor board fell. They set it against the wall, so that it gave a foot-hold for Nathan, and Mr. Tangier lifted him so that he might scramble up to the sill of the shed. But, at that moment, all their devices were made unnecessary, as the side door rolled open, and screams from without announced the anxiety of their liberators. In

half a minute more, Nathan and Sabriny were blubbering in each other's arms; Mr. Tangier was thanking his rescuers and receiving their voluble excuses for their delay.

The truth was that, the moment after he had dashed in at the window, all the able-bodied people around him had understood his danger. But they had lost time, as people in panic will, in relieving him. "Remphan, he hollered, and Jabe, he hollered, and I told 'em both to fetch the ladder; and Jabe, he said the ladder was behind them barberry bushes, and we went to the barberry bushes and they wornt no ladder there. An' it wornt by the ox-cart nither. 'N' then Jabe, he says, run like hokey, 'n' open the side door. They'll be burned to death, sure, says he. My! wasn't I frightened wen I see the roof blazing."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Tangier came down to breakfast next morning with his hand tightly bandaged by Mrs. Fairbanks' care, and a perceptible odor of hamamelis. He accepted, quietly, the sympathies of all parties, and resigned himself, as a philosopher should do, to the discussion held in caucus, as to what should have been done and what should not have been by all parties on this occasion.

"When I heard that it was a hen-house that was on fire," said Mrs. Hasey, "I knew that you would have very hard times. I have always found that hens were very stupid creatures. Indeed, Mr. Tunis, if you remember, they seem to have no brains. I have studied hens a great deal. There used to be hens at the place where I boarded, when I was at Yonkers, and I always felt sure of their phrenology, as I scanned those hens. They have no brains, indeed, Mr. Tunis; they have no brains."

Mrs. Floxam was not a person who took, by any means, the optimistic, or good natured views of her aunt. Perhaps one ought to speak of Mrs. Floxam with more tenderness than most people did speak of her, for she was certainly a most unfortunate person. She was her own tormentor, or, as Swedenborg says, so wisely and well, "She carried hell about with her wherever she went." Such a person ought to be pitied, but such a person is not apt to be pitied in this world, which is made up of people of dilferent motives, and people, indeed, who are very apt to speak what they think at the moment, without giving that consideration to their words which a true religion, or even a profound philosophy, would warrant.

Mrs. Floxam, then, was one of those persons who, perhaps from having had misfortune in early life, perhaps from the first theology of her early life, perhaps from the unsympathetic friends in early life, (who shall say for what, perhaps?) always ran across the current of thought or life that was near her.

A very accurate use of language has called such people "cross."

Whatever they say always crosses the remark of the person before. Whatever they think, they are sure to think that all that is around them is wrong. Thus, if the day should be sunny, they are eager to say that a rainy day was desirable. If the day should be rainy, such people are eager to say that the weather is always bad.

It is because they thus cross the regular drift of the river of life that such people are called cross people. Mrs. Floxam was certainly cross.

She had fallen into the habit, by this time, which some such people do fall into, of generally paying no attention to the conversation which was around her. This was her method of showing the perfect scorn with which she regarded all her neighbors, and her indifference to their affairs. But, as it would happen that, after the conversation had well begun, she would be so much interested in it that, in spite of

herself, she wanted to understand what people were talking about—would interrupt the regular flow of the talk to ask what the nominative case was, and who were the subjects of discord.

To Mr. Tangier, this lady was a new study, and rather an amusing one. But he was quite indifferent to her patronage, and, as it happened, he had never seen a person who had set herself so distinctly against the current life, or Providence, or fate, or history. It fairly amused him to see now much inconvenience she brought upon herself by the steady determination to look darkly on the flow of things. It so happened that, in early life, in some transactions in which her husband engaged, she had been a visitor for a fortnight in the palace of the Mexican governor of the city of Coahuila, where was maintained a good deal of the state of old Spain, where a good many servants were in attendance, and where the etiquettes had still a certain European method. Mrs. Floxam was never tired of alluding to these days, and she spoke of them so much, and so often, that one might readily have imagined that the greater part of her life had been spent at the court of Madrid, and that it was by a mere accident, say from a little curious experience of pastoral follies, that she had ventured upon the town of Tenterdon for the weeks that she was here. If any question or manners or decorum turned up, Mrs. Floxam instantly was listening, and contrasted the behavior of the people around her with that which she had been accustomed when she was the guest of Gov. Cervantes. If the company were divided in opinion on any subject of ethics, or even of politics, it always proved that Gov. Cervantes had uttered some oracle on this subject, which ought to decide it for each and all. Indeed, the younger persons of the assembly, till they became used to Mrs. Floxam, held themselves in perpetual self-contempt, or she meant that they should, because they had never basked under the sunlight of Gov. Cervantes' favor.

It was only after people had been in the same house with her three days that Gov. Cervantes became an amusing shadow of a shade, and they began to watch to know at what moment he would speak out of the darkness, to illustrate and improve the present time. To Mrs. Hasey's phrenological speculations, Mr. Tangier answered good-naturedly that the hens, the night before, had shown a certain amount of practical ability which neither he, nor Nathan, had at command. They had got out of a hole which he and the boy had found it more difficult to escape from. "I dare say," said the old lady; "if running away is to be done, hens will run away fast enough. I am seventy years old, Mr. Tunis, and since I was a girl of six there have not been many years in which I have not had to run after one or more hens, and sometimes have known that the dinner I was to eat depended on my success in overtaking them. Yes, if flying away is the first end of two-legged creatures, the hens certainly have the advantage of us. But which of my old friends, the Greeks, was it, who said that you and I were hens without feathers? Mr. Tunis, that was your misfortune that you could not mount on wings, as you should have done."

Mrs. Fairbanks interposed, and said that she had been so anxious about Mr. Tangier's hand that she had not asked what became of poor Nathan, for whom so much risk had been run. Mr. Tangier laughed. "When I left him," he said, "he was quite as cheerful as he had been depressed when we were down in the dirty straw. I scarcely remember to have seen a more sudden contrast."

"And," said Mrs. Hasey, "I know you well; I do not doubt you gave him reasons for being jolly. A boy like that is quite indifferent whether there is a house over his head or not. If he has a quarter of a dollar in his hand with which he can go to meet the other boys, his cup is full."

By this time, Mrs. Floxam had aroused to the consciousness that some event had taken place the night before, which was possibly worthy of the attention, even of the guest of General Cervantes. Till this time, she had been engaged in declining hot Indian cakes, refusing the fricasseed chicken which was offered her, saying that she never ate cold mutton; asking if there was any dry toast on the table, and, finding that there was none, giving an order for it. She had sent away the egg which she broke, because it was not boiled enough, and had asked Mrs. Fairbanks to give her another cup of coffee, without sugar. Having thus done all she could to make the people around her uncomfortable, she roused up now to the conversation before her, and asked little Flossy, who sat by her side, who it was that they were talking about. She asked this with a certain contemptuous air, which implied that of course they were persons who would not have been received at the court of Coahuila. The little girl explained that there had been a fire at Sabrina's house, and that Mr. Tangier had had a fall there, which was the reason his hand was lame. "But I thought somebody said something about hens," said Mrs. Floxam contemptuously, as always.

"Yes, my dear," said inextinguishable Mrs. Hasey; "I said that hens were always stupid, and Mr. Tunis said that they had sense enough to fly, and I said that they were always good for getting out of the way when they were wanted. But I have known a good many people of whom this could be said."

"When I was living with my husband, in the city of Coahuila," Mrs. Floxam said, "we were dining one day with General Cervantes, who was the governor for life of that province, and at dinner table we had a Spanish dish, of which he told me the tradition had been brought from Castile by his own grandfather. I have never seen it again, and I doubt very much whether it could be made with our poultry. They dressed it with tomatoes, Mrs. Fairbanks, and with rice. If you like, I will write out to one of the Mexican ladies. Perhaps you will like to try it some day here."

Mrs. Fairbanks said that she was always glad of a new receipt in her cook-book, and that if Mrs. Floxam would have the goodness to write for the formula, she would make some experiments with it. Why Mrs. Floxam had made the suggestion, it is rather hard to say; for, with the immediate desire of contradicting Mrs. Fairbanks, she said, without the least pettishness, that she did not think that anybody in Tenterdon would understand the delicacies or intricacies of Spanish cooking; that since she had lived in Coahuila she had never found any food that agreed with her, and that she was quite sure that Mrs. Fairbanks would fail, if she tried the experiment she proposed. Indeed, she thought the breed of hens in Mexico was quite different from that in New England. She had more than once said so to General Cervantes himself, and General Cervantes had expressed the same opinion.

This view of General Cervantes she laid down with a certain decision, which seemed to announce that this subject was exhausted, as they say in the French chambers.

Mrs. Hasey, after this interlude, returned to her sympathetic talk with Mr. Tangier. She offered to cut up his meat for him, and he permitted her to do so, as his right hand was entirely disabled.

"Now, my dear Mr. Tunis, you must let me read you your newspaper to-day. We have got you on the invalid list, and we mean to pet you." "Why, my dear Mrs. Hasey," said Mr. Tangier, laughing, "I have sprained my wrist, but I have not sprained my eyes. Reading my newspaper is the one thing that is left to me. What I am in doubt about is how I am to write my letters." Then he added that that

was exactly what would please his friend, Dr. Morton, who had charged him not to write, during the whole of the visit to Tenterdon, any more than should be absolutely necessary to keep the supplies of human life a-going.

"He did say that I might draw a check, if I was at the last gasp for a bit of bread or a cup of coffee; but beyond this I was to write nothing at all. As I lay awake last night with the pain of this hand, I began to think that the powers which rule my life had leagued themselves with Morton, so as to make perfectly sure that his directions are accomplished. Any way, it is quite clear that I shall not draw any checks for the next month, and I shall be living on the charity of you who are around me here."

"What do you say about charity?" said Mrs. Floxam, rousing herself to the great controversy with life again. "General Cervantes used to say, and my husband agreed with him entirely, that what we call charity is a miserable gift, which merely makes the poor poorer, and makes no one any richer. In fact, General Cervantes thought, and my husband thought, too, and I am sure I thought, that beggars are only so many plunderers of the community, and that if we gave less to them there would be fewer of them. Is not that so, Mr. Tangier?"

Mr. Tangier did not know Mrs. Floxam so well as he came to know her before this month was over, and was a little amazed at finding the greatest question of social economy flashed upon a breakfast table, to be decided in face of an absolute decision by an infallible oracle. But he always took things good-naturedly. Mrs. Floxam, as has been said, amused him already; and, in reply to her, he said, "I was not talking of the general questions of charity, Mrs. Floxam. I am ashamed to say, I was thinking of myself. I had not come upon the high planes which General Cervantes lived upon. No; my business in Tenterdon, I believe, is to get rid of the great subjects, and, indeed, of the little ones, as far as I can. And I have made a beginning by disabling my arm, by scratching my nose, and by making a fool of myself generally, as far as I can find out. But, all the same, I find I can eat Mrs. Fairbanks' omelette and drink her coffee. I think I can ride horseback, and I am by no means sure that I cannot steer a boat. Mrs. Hasey and I have a good many questions to settle with regard to the Greeks, and Romans, and Polynesians, and the rest of the world, and so I think I shall not give up the world in despair quite yet."

Mrs. Floxam retired into her silence and brooded, it is to be supposed, upon that seventh paradise in which she had lived in Coahuila, intimating for a moment, in her manner, as she had before, that the world of Tenterdon was nothing to her thought, or that of General Cervantes.

The irrepressible Mrs. Hasey began again. "I was quite wrong, I see, Mr. Tunis. What I meant to say was that I should be very glad to write for you, if my writing were not so very old-fashioned that you would be only ashamed of it. And my spelling is not quite perfect. Indeed, in my days of girlhood, you know, while we were expected to write a little, people didn't mind very much if we spelled very badly. I was very much amused the other day when I found in one of Mr. Hale's books that even Mrs. Washington, Martha Washington, (Lady Washington, we called her when I was a girl.) did not spell with perfect accuracy. I thought I should hold her up as a great example of mine, and, indeed, as my instructor, when I next saw the school-mistress. There are some poor little grandchildren at Patterson made to learn, I don't know how many lines of words, and spell them, in some new fashion which I did not in the least understand, every day of their lives. And it seems now that the mother of her country, Martha Washington, spelled 'lie'

with a 'y' and 'middling' with one 'd'. I was very much comforted when I heard of this."

"Who are you talking about?" said Mrs. Floxam. "Did I hear some one speak of Martha Washington?" Mrs. Hasey said, still as good-naturedly as ever, "Yes; it appears that Martha Washington was not perfect in her spelling, and I take great comfort in that."

"General Cervantes used to say, when I lived with my husband in Coahuila, that he thought the character of Washington had been very much overrated, and that, as for his generalship," etc., etc.

Here the prompter's bell may as well ring, and the curtain may fall on this scene. But the reader who is interested in Mr. Tangier will remember that some such conversation as this passed at every breakfast, at every dinner, and at every supper, while he remained the guest of the anxious but hospitable Mrs. Fairbanks.

CHAPTER XII.

It was very soon clear that Mr. Tangier's arm and wrist needed more skilful care than Mrs. Fairbanks's tender and womanly attentions. She had sent a boy, indeed, for the doctor, as soon as she had bandaged it in the morning, and Mr. Tangier himself was not sorry when he saw the doctor's well-known horse and wagon driving up.

The two gentlemen had become very fond of each other, and, whatever happened to the other patients that morning, it was fore-ordained that Mr. Tangier should have an agreeable call of an hour and a half from a man whose insight and foresight he already respected sincerely. The doctor did not give a very encouraging prospect for a speedy use of the wrist or arm in any very vigorous athletic exercises. Indeed, for the simple matters of dressing and undressing himself, Mr. Tangier had already found that he must have the assistance of Silas, and he needed no doctor, as has been seen, to tell him that he could not write, if it were even to draw a check for his board bill.

But the two soon passed beyond the talk of the patient and doctor into the wider talk, which had once and again engaged them, as to the condition of the neighborhood in which they were.

Here was this curious yearly flood, from regions entirely unlike Tenterdon, of people who had little enough sympathy with the dwellers in Tenterdon, very little knowledge of their tastes or of their lives, and who, excepting that they brought a certain amount of money which they paid in return for the eggs, milk, bread, and other human necessities, might be said to have no dealings with them, more than if they had been Samaritans.

On the other hand, here was this rather quaint and old-fashioned population, with a certain self-respect, which involved pride in their home. Yes; without it, they would have certainly have left it and gone to the more engaging fields and pastures of the west. They had a certain dignity which belongs to people who own land, and gives to Real Estate, with a large "R" and a large "E," the right to be spelled with two large letters. Here were these people, who saw the annual flood of summer visitors pour in, with a certain satisfaction, and a certain wonder. In the autumn, they saw it pour out, with much greater satisfaction, for they dropped back upon their old habits. They had not to hold themselves on their dignity, against a certain patronizing habit of the new comers. And they had in their pockets the silver, and possibly the gold, which the new comers had left behind them.

"It reminds me," said Tangier, "of that queer story in the Arabian Nights, which I have quoted from a good deal, of the palace by the seaside, to which there came the forty people on wings, who stayed forty or seventy days (I forget what oriental number), and then were forced by their fate to gather themselves up and go off for a time, leaving that poor fellow stranded there alone."

"Only the poor fellow, as you call him," said the doctor—"I am the poor fellow you see in the parable—was by no means very sorry to be left alone, although he hoped that his agreeable companions would come again. In the real story, which is not the story of the Arabian Nights, he girds himself for the winter; he repairs his damages; he builds his bay-window here and his new piazza there; he paints his house and his blinds; he rakes up his avenue, and wonders by what means he may entice in a few more of these flying houries, whom he calls boarders, when the next year comes."

"I am glad you take it like a philosopher," said Mr. Tangier. "We are both philosophers, and I should say that the business of the time was to see how this flood (for we may as well change our figure) can do something real to fertilize the land over which it flows." The doctor laughed. "Very much obliged to you," he said. "I have always heard that the earth which slips into the Missouri River makes the Mississippi water itself the most palatable water in the world. And the people in the low countries there think that it is a very fountain of health and long life. Let us try, while we are here about it, to see that the returning flood may carry something away from the land which will be of permanent benefit to itself and to others."

"I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon, my dear fellow," said Tangier. "My metaphor misled me, and I was painfully conscious of this when I was half through what I said. You know what Heine says: 'Save me from the devil and the metaphor.' And Heine is perfectly right. Half the follies of human argument come from the people who let their metaphors run away with them."

"What I mean is exactly what you mean. I mean that it is absurd that two sets of people, who are really cousins of each other, should lead two lives as different from each other as this summer life is, from this winter life." The doctor said in reply, that he had once seen a very striking letter from that gentleman to whom this country is so largely indebted, Mr. Frederick Olmsted, who said, in it, that much as he had done for the ruralizing of the great cities in the establishment of the great parks which owe their plans to him, he felt that the other work of urbanizing the country, was a work no less important.

"It seems to me that it is a work which has already begun, and that it is a very easy work. Think of the admirable instructions given to the whole country—think of the admirable impulse which is given by the universal habit of reading, and by the universal facilities of the post. I look with reverence on this broken-winded fellow, who goes through here with his spavined horse, and his almost unpainted carriage, every day with the mails. He takes on all the aspect of Hogarth's angel, descending on the pool of Bethesda. He has no wings which other people see, but all the same, he is an angel. He is a messenger of light and truth, and if he brings with him a good many circulars of quack doctors, they go to their own places and are forgotten. But the light is never extinguished, and the truth is never made dumb." "You are quite right," said Tangier, "that is what one has on one's side;" and then he added, very seriously, "the Almighty is always on one's side, and, as that Italian used to say, 'Time is with us.' I am immensely interested in all

that I see here of the determination of the best people to do the best with what there is, and their refusal to be ground down by the scorn of such fools as my friend, Mrs. Floxam, here. I am interested in seeing how such things are regarded by the dwellers on the soil. At the same time, I hate to see any aspect of conflict between the new comers and my friend who drove me over the other day. I am glad to see that he is no longer afraid of me. And, on the other hand, from the very first, I formed a certain respect for him.

"I told you how the district school impressed me. Now there is a thing born from the nature of the case. There is a thing in which the good sense of these people has had its own way. There is no nonsense about it. But the first thing I shall hear will be that, in a stupid desire to imitate the mistake which the great cities have made, these people will be wanting to extend their school and keep it open ten months in the year.

"The truth is that the exact merit of the thing is that it grew out of the conditions of the country.

"These children go to school in the summer enough to show them what school life is, what books are, and to give them a very good entrance into the mysteries of letters and of figures. Just when they begin to lag a little in their attention, the curtain falls and they are turned out into the open air.

"They begin to learn what God Almighty has done for them in his wisdom and in his providence. They know the difference between a horse and a cow; they know the difference between an eagle and a dove; they know the difference between salt marsh and fresh meadow. This is more than any of the children know whom I have the pleasure of hiring as office boys. They run free, their lungs open, their legs and arms are educated, their hands are trained. A boy can drive a nail; as likely as not he can shoe a horse; certainly he can saddle one and can harness one.

"When the snow begins to fall, things at home become a little more quiet, and of a sudden, thanks to the wisdom of the fathers, as I say, for two hundred and fifty years, the school-house opens again. All these boys and girls gather there. They make the pleasant and friendly acquaintances which they ought to make there. They are brought together in the healthiest form of society, with the common interest which their books give to them. They go to work on these books with an eagerness and a relish which your boy in a New York high school does not conceive of, and your girl in a Chicago school never dreamed of. In the eleven or twelve weeks of the winter school they learn as much as would be learned in any of these grand, highly-polished, city establishments, in six or eight months. What is more, they learn it in the right way. They learn it each as a separate human being; while in your magnificent graded system, which I hear a great deal about, they learn very much as a shoe last learns, which is made into its shape with one hundred and forty-seven other shoe lasts which are manufactured in the same hour.

"Then, so soon as they are well started upon this, the school closes, you see. The school-houses close, but the school does not close. The books exist; the taste for study exists; the mutual sympathies exist; and, all along, in the different homes of those children, if the children are good for anything, they are learning the winter through. They are there continuing the training which they began under the direction of the teacher. I say, if the children are good for anything. If the children are good for nothing, I see no great use of attempting to polish base metal, or to carve any stone which will not keep the carving."

Tangier had become quite eloquent as he made this address. But Dr. Tilling-

had did not laugh at his eloquence; he was interested in the views he took, which were the views he had stated himself hundreds of times to different people, who, however, seldom listened to him, as in this world people seldom do listen to anybody. "Every word you say is gospel truth," he said in reply, "and the analogies of the school-house seem to me to be the analogies to build upon. That is the reason I wanted to take you over to hear that magnificent music which we heard in the town hall, yonder. That man had relied upon the intelligence and enthusiasm of his neighbors. He had used that intelligence and enthusiasm to a purpose, and it proved he had not relied in vain. In your modern system of bargain and sale, every one of those performers would have had to have signed a written contract. The man who banged four times on the top of a kettle-drum would have signed one in which that man should bind himself to be present at such and such rehearsals, and at such and such performances, and by which it could be shown, if anybody cared to show it, that each bang on the kettle drum was for two cents and a quarter, or fifteen cents and a half. In place of all that miserable mercantile haggling over the details of music, you are able to rely here on the generosity, and courage, and public spirit of the people. Every one plays, as the boy played, in the story about Mendelssohn. He played his trombone because the great master wanted to have the trombone played. Every one that you heard on the platform the other day played in that way. Now, if you are talking harmony, if you are talking of real music, if you are talking of that which is agreeable to God and man, as a child of God, that is what you want. You do not want fourteen cents' worth of music served out to you because you have bought a ticket which is worth fourteen cents. You want the exuberant and harmonious union of five people, or of fifty people, who have come together because they love music, and, so far, at least, love God and man. They are doing their best to express that love."

Tangier assented sympathetically, and said: "You played your best card first. You showed me the best possible illustration which I could have had of the common life of an ideal community. I always said that, if I went out as a missionary, I would not begin by telling the people what was the last sweet improvement, either on Calvin's doctrine, or on the doctrine of Pelagius. I would begin by bringing together those who wanted to sing old-fashioned psalm tunes, and they should sing old-fashioned psalm tunes, together, till they found out what the word 'together' meant. When they had found out that, we would see what they could do with that great discovery."

"I understand you," said the doctor, "and if you and I carry out our views, I think it must be upon those lines that we are to work. Old Ramsdell and the deacon will quarrel till the crack of doom about the flow of the water over the dam up at Cropsy's, yonder. But, for all that, old Ramsdell's father and the deacon's grandfather marched shoulder to shoulder the day the English frigate was aground off the rips, and one of them rammed down the cartridge, while the other touched off the cannon. The deacon and Ramsdell would do the same thing to-morrow, if there were any public exigency worthy of the occasion. And you have only to show them that there is a public exigency, demanding your public library, or demanding such a musical institute as they have in the factory town yonder, or demanding any improvement in the lyceum, or demanding any improvement in the ornament of the square, and you will find that those two men, though they will hardly speak to each other on the street, are willing to work together in the common cause."

"In fact, this is a Commonwealth, and the genius of the Commonwealth im-

pressed itself upon all New Englanders very early in the matter. Touch them on the side of their public spirit, and there is a good deal more to rely upon than appears upon the surface. But you must be sure that it is the public that demands it. You must be sure that Ramsdell, as an individual, is not to be benefited more than any other individual. The deacon must be quite sure that Mrs. Fairbanks does not want to sell a lot of land from her orchard, or that I am not interested in having a shorter way when I go over to my patients at the Mill Village. It is for the public that these people will pay, that they will work, as for the public they have been willing in old times to die. And their one weak point is that they are apt to suspect a cat under the meal, and to be afraid that there is a job hidden away somewhere."

To be continued.

CRIME IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IN our February number we corrected the error which unfortunately passed into the United States Census regarding the number of convicts in Massachusetts in 1850, and which has misled Mr. George Stetson. The source of this error is easy of explanation. Suffolk county, of which the principal part is the city of Boston, tries and punishes many more prisoners than any other county in the state. In the other counties, one or two houses of correction, and in Essex county three, are sufficient for the purposes of the county. But, in Boston, another penal institution is necessary, which is known as the House of Industry. It is wholly a city institution, maintained by city, and not by county, taxation, and governed by city, and not by county, officers. Naturally enough, the census officers in 1850 did not include its statistics in making up their return of prisoners in Massachusetts. But as the prisoners in it are all criminals, sent there by the state courts for the very same offences for which in other counties criminals are sent to the houses of correction, it happened just as naturally that, in making up the census of 1880, they were counted into the totals of that census as criminals in Massachusetts, though the predecessors in the same prison had been left out thirty years before.

This error leads to the impression, on the mere inspection of the census reports, that, in those thirty years, the amount of crime in Massachusetts greatly increased. Mr. Stetson has been deceived by this impression. We shall, perhaps, have it made more public by orators in Congress, anxious to put the aggressive philanthropy of Massachusetts on the defensive.

We publish, therefore, in detail, the corrected figures, as they appear in the state's reports. The reports never extenuate the actual numbers, as will be seen:

	NUMBER OF PRISONERS IN MASSACHUSETTS	
	1850	1880
Jails and Houses of Correction	1,112	1,838
State's Prison	440	721
Boston House of Industry	—	639
Women's Prison	—	317
State Work-house	—	140

The Women's Prison and the State Work-house are new institutions, which did not exist in 1850, and which take prisoners, who, under the old arrangements, would have been sent to other institutions.

It should be observed, meanwhile, as Mr. Stetson stated in his article, that the population of the state increased between 1850 and 1880, from 994,514 to 1,783,085. This is about 79 per cent of increase. The number of criminals in the same time has increased from 2,344 to 3,655.

This is an increase of only 56 per cent. Mr. Stetson's startling statement, therefore, must be written over again, backward; for the truth is that our prison population, in proportion to the whole population, diminished nearly one-third in the thirty years he is examining.

We observed in an editorial note, in the February number of this journal, that, since 1880, the statistics show a sudden increase of crime, if we only read the figures. But we stated at the same time that the increase of commitments really indicates, not a change in the number of criminals in Massachusetts, but a change in her legislation. We are indebted to Mr. Hodgkins, the clerk of the Boston directors of public institutions, for the precise statistics resulting from this change in the number of commitments to the Boston House of Industry. This is, by far, the largest of the institutions which receive criminals sentenced for drunkenness. But the reader should remember that there are thirteen other county prisons which receive persons sentenced for the same offences. The law of 1881, commonly known as the "ten-day law," increased the fine for simple drunkenness from \$1.00 to \$5.00. The immediate effect of this was that a large number of the poor fellows who are commonly called "drunks," by the police and the reporters, unable to pay the enlarged fine, were sent either to a house of correction, the House of Industry, or a work-house. Mr. Hodgkins' letter, which we print in full, will show how immediate was the change in the number of commitments, in consequence of the passage of the "ten-day law."

Not only were more men sentenced under this law, but the same man, if he be a hopeless inebriate, may be sentenced very often. The return for December, 1886, of the Boston House of Industry, shows that one man has been sentenced 121 times. One man has been sentenced 56; one 55. Coming to a smaller num-

ber of commitments, 13 men have been sentenced 13 times, 30 men have been sentenced 6 times, 84 men have been sentenced 3 times, 107 men twice. Out of 726 persons committed for the crime of drunkenness, only 225 were committed for the first time.

The reader will observe that these 726 poor fellows, now ranked as "criminals" for drunkenness, would not have appeared as criminals at all before 1881, when in any case the man or his poor wife could pay a fine of one dollar.

It is manifestly absurd to take the figures which report such commitments in the same sense as if different persons had committed these offences. When we are told that, in the year 1885, 8,448 persons were committed to the Boston House of Industry, we must understand that the same name often appears many times, as the same person is committed again and again. Mr. Hodgkins' letter is the following:

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter of the 18th inst., I submit the following information, collated from the Annual Reports of the Board:

NUMBER SENTENCED TO HOUSE OF INDUSTRY FOR DRUNKENNESS.	
Year ending April 30, 1881	5,284
" " 1882	8,266
" " 1883	9,010
" " 1884	9,258
" " 1885	8,750
Year ending December 31, 1885 (time of reporting being changed)	8,448
Year ending December 31, 1886	8,404

The principal legislation relating to drunkenness during the above-named period can be found in Chapter 276, Laws of 1881, known as the "ten-day law," and Chapter 375, Laws of 1885, which increased the fine for simple drunkenness from \$1.00 to \$5.00, and extended the period of detention for non-payment of fine from ten to thirty days—which was the period under former laws.

These statistics show a marked increase in the number of commitments during the tenure of the "ten-day law"—1881-85.

The following statistics from the Report of the Board, for the year ending

December 31, 1886 (not yet in print), may be of interest :

Commitments to House of Industry for drunkenness, 7,766, or 682 less than in 1885, or 1,492 less than the number committed in 1883-4, when the "ten-day law" was in force.

Very truly yours,

WM. H. HODGKINS.

Clerk of Board.

Under the "ten-day law," some persons were sentenced 20 or 25 times a year; under the present law, the same persons

may be sentenced 8 or 10 times in a year. I suppose the true basis of estimate is the number of first sentences.

W. H. H.

The change made by the law of 1885 at once reduced the number of commitments in the House of Industry from 9,258 in 1884 to 8,404 in 1886. The change consisted in raising the possible fine from five to ten dollars, and the possible term of imprisonment from ten days to thirty.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

SAD-EYED November bows her head in woe ;
On her thin hands the fire-light flashes show
Bright tears—disheveled is her long dark hair ;
Alone she sits and broods in deep despair.
Saddest of all the year she sits in tears—
Her past is dead, the future full of fears.
Hark ! how the rain drops sobbing at the pane,
Dropping their tears of bitter grief in vain.
White-haired December, bent with pain and old,
Stands at the door and shivers in the cold.
Yet the lone mourner lifts her tear-stained eyes,
Dropping her brooding woe in glad surprise ;
And the poor wanderer at the gate draws near,
Waiting in trembling eagerness to hear—
For we are happy—'tis our holiday—
Thus we shall drive the dull gray gloom away.
Here, at our mother's side, we pause and find
All life's bright, sunny memories brought to mind.
Thawing the heart of this sad, dying year—
Bringing the sweetness of life's spring-time near.

What shall we bring you, mother dear? Our hands
Seem bound together ! Could we burst our bands,
How we would pour the world's wealth at your feet !
How we would strive to make our gift complete !
But we have nothing but our love to throw
Into your lap, and yet your smile will show
That love is better, by a thousand-fold,
Brighter and purer than a world of gold.
Old time is cruel ; on the hearts of kings
Deep lines he gashes—weary souls he wrings
With the sharp anguish that a life must find,
Leaving its life-work unfulfilled behind.

Time is a coward! On our mother's face,
 Scarce has he left a single lasting trace.
 Dulled, worn and broken, falls his savage knife
 At the pure record of our mother's life.
 Now—with the reverence that a king might feel—
 Here on her birthday does he humbly kneel
 Down at her feet, as at a monarch's throne,
 Calling her life the bravest he has known.
 Through the long years that stretch their course behind,
 Long, cruel years, with grief and trouble lined,
 Patient and true you worked, with none to share.
 You did a work a giant would not dare,
 You gave your life that we might grow apace
 Up from the shadow of life's commonplace.
 You bore the cross with gladness that *our* way
 Might be the better, and we come, to-day,
 Hoping that something in our lives may show
 That your fond dreaming, of the long ago,
 Over our cradles, was not all in vain.
 That words of ours may never give you pain.
 Teach us the secret of your peaceful face!
 What can we do to win your sacred place?
 How can *we* win the homage of old Time?
 How can *we* make *our* lives, like yours, sublime?
 Ever to us your face is wondrous fair.
 Love laughs at wrinkles and at whitened hair;
 We only see the light of sweet content
 On your dear face—from heaven divinely sent.
 Still shall this day in memory's glass appear
 Brightest of all the ever-changing year.
 Still shall we keep the brightest wreath of fame
 Twined with our love about our mother's name.

CONDITIONS FOR CO-OPERATIVE MANUFACTURE.

BY C. E. CREHORE.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS,

Jan. 15, 1887.

To the Editor:

I think that the following conditions are essential to the success of any experiment in coöperation:

1st. The rate of wages must be fixed at a minimum. Whatever the product of the enterprise may be, its sale in open market will encounter the competition of

like articles produced by labor purchased at the lowest market rate.

2d. An amount of profits sufficient to provide for at least two years' losses must be funded. These years will inevitably come, sooner or later.

Under its head of "Comment and Criticism," *Science* (No. 206, Jan. 14th) summarizes some very interesting articles from the *Age of Steel* that bear upon these points.

3d. Each individual must coöperate with his whole heart to make the enterprise successful, and subordinate his personal interest to the welfare of the whole.

4th. Each member must have sufficient intelligence to appreciate and sustain the methods of conduct essential to success. There is great danger from the intermeddling of short-sighted ignorance with the direction. The economics of benighted labor is, perhaps, the most dangerous form of ignorance likely to be encountered.

5th. There is one point that is not to be lost sight of—viz., that deductions made from experiments in coöperation where one of the parties is an experienced business capitalist, willing to aid his work-

people by admitting them to a share in his profits, or, in cases where philanthropic organizations furnish gratuitous counsel and guidance—deductions from such cases cannot be relied upon as data for calculating the prospects of success in a coöperative enterprise of laborers, fighting its way unaided, in the struggle for existence of the business world.

My own belief is that people qualified to make coöperative enterprises successful are well able to take care of themselves as individuals; and that the qualities of individual independence and self-dependence, which lie at the bottom of a republican form of government, are likely to be weakened to a disastrous extent by the present tendency to associated action.

THE BEST THING IN PARIS.

WE have been going up and down, and through and through, this gay, beautiful and wicked city, until our eyes are weary with seeing, our ears with hearing, and our minds with searching for expressions of admiration that shall not be out-worn and commonplace. We have driven about the festive streets in our brisk little *voitures*, till we have grown utterly tired of the splendid shop windows, so characteristic of Parisian life: outside, all grandeur and glitter; inside, almost nothing that would indicate a shop—a bit of a counter, a few boxes, a chair or two, and a French woman with the typical black hair and eyes, long, straight nose and somewhat insignificant chin. We have visited the grand churches, that seem little more suggestive of reverence and worship than the splendid Academy of Music at the end of the Rue de l'Opéra; we have walked the galleries of the Louvre till we have grown bewildered with Murillos, Correggios, Del Sartos, Rembrandts, Rubenses, and the

works of scores of other masters. We have wandered through the intricacies of the Bois de Boulogne; we have sat in the Sainte Chapelle; we have listened to the bell of the Saint Germain du Roi, whose tongue gave the signal for the beginning of the slaughter of St. Bartholomew; we have strolled, somewhat disgusted, along the galleries of the Luxembourg, striving not to see how little regard the living artists of France have for the proprieties of life. We have spent hours and hours searching out the wonders of Versailles, marvelling at the madness with which the money of the French people had there been squandered, and finding in its reckless splendors almost a full excuse for the French Revolution. We have grown sentimental over poor Marie Antoinette, her petite Trianon, her Swiss cottage, and her other royal toys. Truth to tell, we have seen the most in the way of shows and sights, pictures and statuary, parks and gardens, that Paris has to display to her thousands of visitors. And

yet, until yesterday, we had not seen the best thing in Paris.

We were sitting on one of the balconies of our pretty hotel, looking down with a despairing sort of sorrow upon the street below, where all the shops were open, and a brisker traffic was going on than is even common to a week-day; for it was Sunday afternoon. The pavements were thronged with gay passers in their holiday attire; and at the doors of every glittering shop was the inevitable little circular, white-topped table, with its group of men and women sipping *vin ordinaire*, eating grapes, and smoking cigarettes. The people all looked happy and at their ease; and, had it not been Sunday, the sight would have been an attractive one. Just then, one of our party stepped upon the balcony and handed me a card of invitation to one of the McAll Mission meetings, in the Rue de St. Honoré, at five o'clock. We determined at once to accept it, and were soon pressing our way through the gay crowds to the place indicated.

We found at the door a very earnest, elderly man, whom we had met the week before at Lucerne, with his hands full of leaflets which he was offering to every passer who seemed inclined to stop. We entered the room used as a chapel directly from the street—a rather low-browed, very plain apartment, as simply furnished for the purposes of worship as it could well be. (We were afterwards told that a zealous knot of ladies in Philadelphia pay ten thousand francs a year for the rent of this room, for the use of the McAll Mission.)

When we entered, we found the room half-full of French people, of the *bourgeois* class, not by any means, however, of the poorest sort. There was an occasional bare-headed woman—for all women of the artisan class go bonnetless to church and everywhere else—and here and there a man in the universal blue blouse; but we were glad to observe that

almost all were just such people as we had left walking the streets, and laughing and chatting at the shop doors. Some eager English ladies were busily going about, seating the incomers, and supplying them with little French hymn books filled with translations of Moody and Sankey hymns. There was a small cabinet organ at which another English lady presided; and a simple desk, on a slightly-raised platform, answered as a pulpit. In a little while the room was entirely filled; and, true to the moment of appointment, three French ministers entered and took their places on the platform. I had never heard a French minister preach, and had never understood the wonderful power which Adolphe Monod used to exercise, twenty-five years ago, over one of our party who used to hear him in the Oratoire. But I learned his secret yesterday. French preaching and French oratory are entirely different from those of other nationalities, and have a power, a piquancy, a *verve*, of their own, quite in contrast with all that to which we had been accustomed. Perhaps there were peculiar reasons why we should enjoy this intensely fervid French eloquence.

For weeks we had been travelling through England and Scotland, attending, almost invariably, the services of the two established Churches. We had sat in the cathedral of the old city of Chester, and listened to Dean Howson reading the afternoon lessons without a single modulation of voice. We had attended service in York Minster, and marvelled at the strange lifelessness that seemed to pervade it. We had also been in some of the beautiful rural churches, where a solemn propriety seemed to freeze up minister and people. We had prayed at St. Giles's and St. Cuthbert's, and other Scotch kirks, and had been oppressed with the same sense of droning heaviness.

We had gone, in London, to St. Margaret's, expecting to be thrilled with the

rush and fire of Canon Farrar's glowing periods; and we had heard him deliver a thirty-minutes discourse in an unvarying monotone, with, as one of our party observed, one sole gesture—the lifting of his forefinger one single time. We had been at the service which the Anglican Church so properly provides for her members in many Continental capitals, and the same criticism might be applied to all. Once only, at the pretty little English chapel at the Hague, did we hear a minister who so far departed from the regulation tone and action as to lift his arm, and enforce his utterances with rapid and rising inflections. All this experience may have prepared us for the enjoyment we had yesterday.

The short opening prayer was electric in its earnestness. One saw, instantly, that the speaker threw himself, with all the fervor of his Gallic nature, into the service. And when he gave out the hymn, repeating a stanza at a time, with lifted hand, and eyebrows knit with the intensity of his pleading tone, a subdued thrill appeared to sway the audience. There seemed real eloquence in these simple utterances—

Viens, âme qui pleure,
Viens à ton Sauveur;
Dans tes tristes heures
Dis-lui ta douleur;
Fais tout bas ta plainte
À ce bon Jésus;
Parle-lui sans crainte,
Et ne pleure plus.

Not one voice was silent. When he took his text, "Le sang de son fils, Jésus Christ, nous purifie de tout péché," and rang it in his clear voice over and over again, he seemed the very embodiment of intense persuasiveness. He was a typical Frenchman, the black hair combed straight up from his forehead, the dark pencilled eyebrows, the burning eyes, the straight nose, the mobile mouth, the rapid play of feature, the restless hands, every finger of which seemed capable of conveying some different phase of expression, the entire *abandon* of the whole

man, flinging himself like a strong swimmer into the depths of a foaming current, and breasting it with a self-forgetfulness that concerned itself only with the point to be reached; and that was, that every soul before him should feel the force of the expression to which he constantly turned, "Le sang de son fils, Jésus Christ, nous purifie de tout péché." No one who listened could doubt for a moment that the speaker felt every word that he was endeavoring, with such tender vehemence, to impress upon his audience.

The minister who followed him, in a short exhortation of fifteen minutes, was a type of the same mercurial eloquence, which seems to be the kind best fitted to sway the French mind. He was an eminently handsome man; and I have rarely seen, in the pulpit, such grace of manner and movement combined with such an utter absence of self-consciousness. If the French Protestant Church can boast many such ministers, we don't know why it should not have a second Reformation greater than that inaugurated by Calvin and Farel. Every hair of his black head seemed instinct with action; and he at least produced upon the minds of us Americans, who are schooled to a calmer sort of eloquence, the feeling that he aimed to have every soul before him brought to submit to the Gospel of Christ that very afternoon.

Delightful singing followed, in which all the audience—bonnetless women, men in blue blouses, even the little sabotted children—joined with a heartiness that was calculated to make one hope that the persuasions of the ministers had had their full effect. Still another short address followed; and, if I had not been so magnetized by the two speakers who had gone before, I should have been as fully by the rapid, passionate utterance, the vivid picturing, and the eager tones of this last speaker, all varying somewhat from those which had preceded

them, but still of the same general type. It seemed to us that we had heard more to stir men's souls in that small chamber on the Rue de St. Honoré than in all the grand cathedral services we had attended in England.

As we walked back to our hotel through the gay crowds of thoughtless Sabbath-breakers, we could not forbear turning to each other, and saying, "Surely, we have just seen the best thing in Paris!"

—Margaret J. Preston.

COFFEE HOUSES.

FROM a letter written in Boston on the subject of "Coffee Houses," we extract the following passages:

"With reference to your note regarding coffee houses, I am sorry to say that the conditions of different places differ so much from each other that advice to one seems rather vague when it is sent to another.

"The two real successes known to me, and the only two, are those of Mr. Chas. Sumner Eaton, Washington St., Boston, and the Liverpool establishment known under the general name of the British Workman Company.

"The Philadelphia people say, and probably truly, that their coffee house at Fourth St., below Market, is successful and a model, but of this I personally know nothing. We have also, in Boston, the Oriental Coffee House and the Boston Coffee House; two admirable institutions, which are doing very good work, but they are more or less involved with private conditions, so that their annual reports, although suggestive, do not seem to cover the whole field.

"Mr. Eaton is conducting a private business. It is a very profitable business. He is careful to say that he is not keeping a temperance society, and he is not. But I really think that any one that would look in there and spend half an hour in taking a lunch would learn more of the real secret of success than a dozen reports would teach him.

"A letter to Mr. William Peskett, the secretary of the British Workman Society, enclosing a small remittance for postage, would bring a series of their reports which are very instructive. They have quite a large capital and make very good dividends. They maintain forty or fifty shops in different parts of Liverpool.

"These are of all grades, from the very

cheapest up to an elegant establishment kept for merchants in the Exchange.

"The foundation of the whole must be grim, hard business.

"Do not be tempted to put in some amiable widow in charge, or some one-armed soldier, because you want to take care of them.

"Take the best shop you can find, in the best place you can find, and pay for it exactly as if you had your living to earn there, and would starve if you chose wrong. Better a small shop and a handsome one than a large one which is not attractive. Mr. Eaton is absolute in his advice on this point. As for mirrors, pictures, flowers, etc., I would come up to the highest standard of the most showy liquor shops in the town. Above all, I would not announce it as a temperance shop or a moral shop, although here Mr. Eaton's practice is against me. I would take regularly the most popular local newspapers, and I would do well all I did, and not undertake things unless I was sure they would be first-rate.

"For instance, I would be sure to have attendants enough, well trained, neat and courteous, and I would dismiss, without hesitation, any one who failed in these requisites. As to the amount of capital needed, I can hardly advise. But I should say that, if the shop had not established itself as a paying enterprise in six months, it would be better to leave off and begin again. I should think, then, that according to the scale of your operations you ought to have capital enough to carry it on for six months' time.

"We shall, from time to time, publish in LEND A HAND what we learn about this important movement.

"I regard it, myself, as by far the most important temperance effort of our time.

"E. E. H."

Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

EACH personality in the army of living souls has his distinct need. Each individual cries for his own helper, and pleads for his personal deliverer.

We can classify the sick, the lame, the blind, the hungry; and sift the dissolute and the unworthy out of the mass of the able-bodied applicants for help, and apply to each of these sub-divisions of sufferers practical charity in some one well-tried form. But when we have done so, we are not satisfied that each case in that special class has been dealt with fully, and in the wisest fashion. When we have given medicine to the sick, crutches to the lame, eyes to the blind, food to the hungry, we have, indeed, ministered greatly to their needs. We have helped them physically, and it has been a good deed.

But those who show their physical ailments, and seek relief, are to-day, as they were in the days of the Master, typical of the lives in our midst who are way-worn and weary, and who are silently yearning for some one stronger than themselves to inspire their fainting souls with courage to come up higher, where they may attain to the success in life which they now crave, but dare not hope to reach.

Philanthropy plans for the homeless and the unfortunate by the building of hospitals and the establishment of asylums. But after this provision is made, Christian sympathy has not accomplished its work for humanity.

There yet remains the individual work, which alone can enable every life to develop its best powers, and to accomplish its own work. To carry forward this process, means must be applied to each individual's need, calculated to meet the requirements of the case under consideration.

These means cannot be applied indirectly, or by the unanimous vote of a board of management. For each soul there must be provided a special helper; a personal friend, whose willingness to serve his suffering, needy fellow can only be measured by the spirit of self-sacrifice which he devotes to this object. To help each other, we must *give ourselves*—not only our possessions—we must take into our lives the lives of those who need our help. We must carry them in our hearts, and really *care* so much to deliver them, as to be willing to plan, and strive, and pray, until each man or woman who is our burden has been lifted up into a pure environment.

Does this personal work seem Herculean in its task?

It is not so. It means that we "bear one another's burdens," and acquaint ourselves with the factors that have combined in the individual's life. And then, to discover what principles have been wrong in the sum of that life, and to inspire the soul to begin again and apply new principles, which shall be invigorating in their effects. It needs that you "put yourself in his place," and see what can be done to make things better for this burden-bearer. Often, we who undertake this encouraging, helpful ministry for one another need only to administer in words a spiritual tonic, the strength of which will be suggested by the degree of our sympathy for the patient, and faith in him.

No amount of money bestowed, no outside service, will accomplish this personal

helpfulness, unless it be accompanied by the personal influence of the donor. It is easier out of one's abundance to give gold than it is to give one's self. To devote one's own life to save that of another means to be at leisure from one's self, to take time to listen to long recitals of human woes, to patiently reflect how best to meet the individual exigencies related to us, to encourage hope in the soul, to reassure the stranger by offering ourselves as sharers in the over-freighted, or badly-conducted life. We can all, in a sense, be saviors to each other—but we must *give ourselves* to accomplish the good work.

Could we justly calculate the efficiency of our efforts, we should soon ascertain that *only* in proportion as we have given ourselves to others have we helped them. Personal influence develops character in those about us, and it is only when we have strengthened a weak nature, or encouraged an idle man to labor industriously for self-support, or started a life in a godly purpose—when we have done something to really lift the man out of himself, toward God, that we have truly “helped him.” Let our lives be infused into the lives of those who need new power; then will come the grand day when no man shall live to himself, and human sympathy will be equal to human needs!

Christian workers must become the personal friends of those whom they would help. And the wise friend is he “who encourages all that is good in us, discourages all that is evil, gives us confidence in what is best, exalts our purposes, inspires us with a generous ambition, and so gives us faith in God, man, and ourselves.”

THE EASTER LETTER MISSION.

THIS most beautiful of charities ought to be known and shared by every child who wants to lend a hand to the unhappy. I use the word charity in its real signification of love; for this is, above all things, a work of love, and not that cold and distant sort of service which too often mis-calls itself by the name of charity. For this Easter letter work is all warm and throbbing with love, like the very spirit of Easter itself. Nothing, indeed, can be in sweeter harmony with the day than this mission, which sends loving messages and words of sympathy or counsel or cheer to lonely sufferers in hospitals and prisons and asylums and reform schools and wherever people are poor or suffering or in trouble.

This is the whole of the work; simply to send a letter. But oh, the comfort or the gladness or the help a letter may give! There is nothing to compare with it, ex-

cept the warm look of love on a beloved face, and that is what many and many of these poor souls are forbidden to see. How beautiful it is that so simple and common a gift as the ability to write a pleasant letter may be the means of doing so much good. It is a delight, simply to imagine the thrill and glow of happiness that will warm the hearts of outcasts and sufferers and orphans, when Easter morning brings them the knowledge that some one has cared enough to write them an Easter letter.

Do you say that you cannot write such a letter—that you are too young or too inexperienced or too unpracticed? If you can write at all, if you have ever written a letter to any one, all yourself, do sit down and try to realize what it is like to be suffering in a hospital, or to have been wayward and wicked and sent to a reform school, and then write, out of

a full heart, the words which will be given you to write. You need not fear that the one who will receive your letter will be critical as to its style, or quick to detect its mistakes.

Do you say that you do not know any one to whom to send such an Easter letter? Not know one of all the sufferers, the poor, the orphans, the prisoners, of whom the world is so sadly full? Oh! do not let this state of ignorance last another day; for surely, surely, there is, somewhere, some one of these who sorely needs to know you. Write at once to the ladies of the "Christmas Letter Mission," asking them to send you some names or some information which will show you where and to whom your letter will bring joy. Miss Mary Bussing, No. 4 East 12th St., New York city, or Miss H. M. Cox, Newtown, L. I., will be glad to help you by giving you names.

If you send it to a hospital, the night nurse will lay it on the pillow, and when the poor, sick person awakes in the morning, "an Easter letter from you" will

bring gladness to his eyes. Or a jailer, as he goes his morning rounds, will hand your letter to a prisoner, and a hard heart will perhaps be softened by the knowledge that some one has wanted to give him happiness; and to make a prisoner happy is one of the first steps toward making him good. Or a lonely child in an asylum will find your letter—his first letter—on his plate at breakfast, and for joy of it will not be lonely all that Easter day.

If your Easter letter this year brings you for the first time into contact with people who are suffering from bereavement or disease or sin, the blessing will not be theirs alone. Your interest thus aroused will keep on growing; it will lead you farther and farther on in the blessed business of serving those who need your service, until it gains for you at last the glad reward given to them who minister to the "sick and in prison." "Inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these you did it unto me."

L. S. H.

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION, BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

A SUBSTANTIAL building in Niagara square is the home of the Union. This Union was started in 1884—but two years after the Ten Times One club—and so many of the Wadsworth followers were among its founders that we have rightly spoken of it as an outgrowth of Ten Times One.

This large, convenient building is already free from debt. It is, in a degree, modelled after the Boston institution of the same name and the work is identical. The Union is non-sectarian and its object is to promote mutual coöperation and sympathy among women.

The numerous committees are faithful to the work placed in their hands. A protective committee assists women who are too weak or ignorant to gain their lawful rights. A department for education furnishes the best instruction of the city. An employment bureau strives to place each woman in the position she is best calculated to fill. A good gymnasium develops the physical powers. Committees on social affairs, practical philanthropy and domestic training are cultivating the social, charitable and domestic sides of life, and a good library and reading-room is well patronized by women

who have no opportunity or means to purchase the books they would like to read.

A writer in the *Christian Advocate* has given a pen picture of this really home-like home and its busy members:

"The gate has been taken down, a silent invitation to the passer-by to enter. If he accepts the invitation and enters the portal, he will find himself at once in a scene of busy life. Perhaps the janitor is preparing the long reception-rooms for a lecture to be given there, or it may be the room is unoccupied, save for a group of earnest-faced women, eagerly discussing ways and means to help the unfortunate. Beside the superintendent's desk, he may see standing a seeker for employment, stating her needs and capacities, knowing that this home-like place is a common meeting-ground for employer and employed, and that willing hearts and strong influence are here to be enlisted in her behalf. Passing into the library, he may get a glimpse, through a half-open door, of some unfortunate one, pouring a tale of oppression, it may be of honestly-earned wages wrongfully withheld, or of deeper wrongs that the weak can suffer at the hands of the strong, into the attentive ear of a member of the protective committee. In the library may be seen groups of working-women from our stores and offices, who have dropped in to pass away their one rest-hour of the day. Living a distance from work too great to be travelled at noon, these women, more than almost any class, can appreciate just such a place as this. The dainty cooking-class kitchen, where she can eat her lunch, and the quiet library, with its

air of refinement, where she can read or chat and rest, are just what she needs. More than one working-woman has told the writer that this noon hour, that ought to be a pleasant break in the business day, is often a bore, there being, usually, nothing for a woman to do but to walk the streets. The library, too, is a place where strangers who have come to town on shopping or other business, are always welcome. Here ladies may wait for their trains, here they may write letters—the Union furnishing paper and envelopes—and look over the daily papers. In halls and about the rooms, girls are passing to and fro, with faces full of purpose, and the hope inspired by the encouragement and counsel of those whose greatest desire they know is to help them."

During the year preceding the annual report (May 1st, 1886), 443 persons were assisted, 21 were sent away from the city to homes in other places, and 7 were sent to the country for rest and returned fresh to their work.

One hundred and sixty-seven pupils have received instruction in different studies. Courses of lectures have been given, and 13 social entertainments provided.

The Protective Committee have received 111 complaints. Fully 50 cases have been satisfactorily adjusted. The year ended with 18 unsettled cases, and the secretary wisely says that had she, a week before, advertised her books open to the reporters of the daily papers, on May 4th, many of these cases would not have been left over.

THE TRUEST FRIENDS OF THE POOR.

BY CHAS. F. WINGATE.

THE truest friends of the poor are the trained nurses who visit them in their distress, bringing food, medicine, and, better still, the inestimable gift of personal sympathy and intelligent instruction.

The simple story of the daily work of these nurses is most affecting. No women are more truly ministering angels, and I am not surprised that they win the confidence and gratitude of the poor by

their untiring and earnest efforts. Few sacrifices could be greater to a person of refinement than to remain for hours in a squalid tenement, making the fire, bringing water from the hydrant in the yard, bathing the sick mother, and combing her greasy, disheveled locks, then stripping and bathing the children, and finally setting the latter to wash the dishes, or doing this herself; in short, performing the most menial service cheerfully and heartily, until the poor people say, with amazement, "Is it possible that you do this for us?" By such services, these missionary nurses make warm friends of the patients and their neighbors, and prepare the way for most wonderful reformations. I have seen women, who had been wretched drunkards, clothed and in their right minds, in decent homes, with their children about them. An Italian family, whose bow-legged infant had been cured through the care of a nurse, could not express their pleasure at her approach, and everywhere her entrance was greeted with bright looks and cordial hospitality. Work of this kind is so exhausting that the strongest nurse cannot endure it more than five or six hours a day, but their work is most potent in its results, and far surpasses, in my judgment, the efforts of any other agencies except those which seek to educate and train children.

Florence Nightingale set the example of what women can do to relieve the sick

and suffering. Professor Virchow, in a recent address before a medical convention, in Germany, commended, in the highest terms, the noble work performed by the missionary nurses among the poor of London. The report of the district nurses of Professor Adler's society shows what wonderful results may be accomplished at a trifling outlay, and how scores of families may be kept from beggary and disruption by the devoted efforts of these nurses. A nobler or more practical charity does not exist. I have sat by the bedside of one of these nurses, when recovering from typhoid fever, in the New York hospital, and listened with admiration to her simple, yet touching narration of her daily experience.

Only by visiting the poor in their homes can they be elevated. Instead of building more churches and chapels, we need a legion of trained nurses to extend this noble missionary work, so practically begun. In time of war, when armies meet, and the hospitals are filled with wounded soldiers, public sympathy is roused, and scores of volunteers flock to labor, with the Order of the Red Cross. A deadlier campaign than the wars of Napoleon is constantly waging in the dwellings of the poor, and the terrible mortality there should incite the same enthusiasm and zeal which has been shown in every recent war since.

WOMEN'S UNION OF BOSTON PROTECTIVE CIRCULAR.

Agreement for Wages. The rate of wages should always be definitely fixed at the time the agreement for service is made. After several weekly or monthly payments, at a definite rate, the question is settled. Yet, even then, a dispute may arise, unless written receipts are given,

or unless the original agreement is made before witnesses, or is put in writing.

Intelligence Office. At the request of the Protective Department, and by order of the Board of Police, Intelligence offices are obliged to keep a memorandum of the rate of wages to be paid, in every

case, when an engagement is made through them.

A Week's Trial. When a girl engages to go to a place on a week's trial, the contract ends at the conclusion of that week.

Giving Notice. Custom requires that, in engagements for any length of time beyond a week, a week's notice should be given by the servant of her intention to leave. Also, a week's notice of the intention to dismiss a servant should be given by the employer, for the general custom, which is, or ought to be known by both parties, must be followed. This general custom is set aside when any special arrangement about giving notice is made by both employer and servant.

Some employers, especially those having a large number of employes, make a rule that an employe must give a certain notice of intention to leave, say four weeks, or that all wages due shall be forfeited. If the employe knows this rule, and assents to it, it is binding. Ordinarily, an employe will be held to have assented to it, by entering the employment with knowledge of the rule. Where such a rule does exist, and the employe is obliged to leave suddenly, by illness or accident, and is thus unable to give the notice, the wages are not forfeited.

Wages Forfeited. A servant, leaving in the middle of the week, forfeits all wages for that week, and, in addition, must pay all damage caused to the employer by failure to give the required notice. Also, an employer, discharging a servant in the middle of the week, must pay full wages for that week, and must pay all damage caused to the servant by failure to give the required notice. Ordinarily, the damage is the amount of wages for one week.

Breakage of Articles. A servant who breaks articles belonging to the employer, is liable to pay for them. If the servant refuses to pay for them, the employer, strictly speaking, has no right to retain

wages, but should sue for the amount of damage. If the wages are retained, however, the servant has no redress, for if a suit for wages is begun by the servant, another suit for the breakage may be begun by the employer and balanced against it. Therefore, unless the amount held back by the employer be excessive, it will be of no advantage to make objection.

Compromise. When disputes arise at the end of an engagement, and the employer offers a servant a less sum than the latter thinks is due, it is better for the servant to take what is offered, as it makes so much sure, and is no hindrance in suing for the remainder. However, if a real controversy arises, an agreement to accept a certain sum, by way of compromise, is binding. Even if it afterward appear that more ought to have been paid, it cannot be collected.

So Much or Nothing. Some employers offer so much, or nothing at all. In such cases, the servant should take the "so much," and an agreement to accept it as the full sum due, or even a written receipt in full, would be no legal hindrance to collecting the remainder.

Poor Debtor Process. When a debt is over twenty dollars, the law allows the creditor to examine the debtor thoroughly, under oath, and if any property can be found in this way, to take it and satisfy the debt with it. When the amount is twenty dollars, or less, this right is not given. Therefore, by accepting a partial sum which brings the amount below twenty dollars, it becomes more difficult to collect the rest, yet such acceptance may be the only chance of ever getting anything of what is due. No general rule can be given, but it is better to remember that money in one's own hand is worth more than in some one's else hand.

Hiring of Rooms. When a room is hired by the week, notice of the leaving must be given a week in advance, and must end with the week, whatever day

that may be. For instance, if a room be taken on Wednesday, the week ends on the following Tuesday, and notice of leaving must be given for Tuesday, and must be given at least a week before the Tuesday on which he is intending to leave, otherwise the lodger would be liable for the damage, usually the price of a week's

lodging. The same rule holds as to notice from the landlord.

Detention of Trunks. The landlord has the right to retain the trunk, or other property of the lodger, for unpaid bills.

MRS. K. G. WELLS, MRS. H. W. SEWALL, MRS. W. F. TEMPLE, MRS. TOLMAN WILLEY, MISS IDA O. TEMPLE.	} <i>Protective Committee.</i>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------

SAVING.

NOTHING is more evident, to the visitor and friend of the poor, than the want of forethought and thriftlessness of those who work industriously, and must depend upon their daily earnings for the bread of their households and themselves.

After the rent is provided for—and that, frequently, not from principle, but from fear of dispossession—the financial anxiety of the heads of the family ceases. No provision is made in summer for winter coal, and no fund is laid aside for sickness, or for misfortune. Even a period of long idleness, when the lack of employment has obliged the family to appeal to charity for support, seems to teach no prudential economy and saving in the after days of good wages and steady work.

A mother of three half-grown girls, who was an educated woman, dependent upon her own exertions for the support of her family, struggled through the winter, teaching a foreign language by private lessons. She lived in a small tenement, with but few comforts. A friend, who knew her sad surroundings, gave her rooms to occupy, during the summer, in her own airy house, that she might save her rent, and get a little ahead financially. Alas! when the winter came, this woman had no money to fit up a new home. "We needed so many things, and had needed them for so long, that when I had the ready money I thought I had better buy them," was her answer to the inquiry,

"Where is the money you earned last summer, when you lived without expense?"

The fact that she had managed to eke out a subsistence for her family each previous winter encouraged her to believe that, *somehow*, she would manage to do this in the future; and sufficient unto today was the evil. She would inanely take no care of the morrow. Consequently the life of this household went from bad to worse, and, in every crisis of their history, benevolent sympathizers gave money to secure needed relief. Now let us take this case as an illustrative one, and see what might have been done to uplift the family—to make them independent of aid received in charity.

The mother was capable; she taught satisfactorily, and earned regularly, fair compensation for her lessons; her children were girls, and full of intelligence and capacity; all were in good health. With these conditions, had the weekly income been regularly apportioned—so much for rent, food, clothing, and an allowance for savings laid aside—in time, a fund would have accumulated to meet future emergencies.

A wise mother would have educated her children to become bread-winners, as they grew old enough to become helpers in the home. After school hours, the attractive daughter of fourteen could have earned a little by giving her companion-

ship to other children, who needed practice in speaking French, her native tongue. The second girl, of twelve, and the little ten-year-old sister, needed no one to watch them after school—they were safe, if together at home, and could soon have been taught to really “care for things” when the mother was out. In turn, each girl could have learned a trade. The one with the dainty fingers would skilfully have performed the mysteries of the French laundress; the second, with natural taste, would have been invaluable when educated in a dress-making establishment, where the tie of a bow tells readily, to the expert eye, whether native skill or mechanical duty has knotted it.

The third daughter was quite capable of receiving the needed schooling to fit her to become a stenographer, telegraph operator, or a kindergartner—assisted, as she might have been, to this experience by the united efforts of her mother and sisters. And then would have come the reaping-time, and these four industrious women would have enjoyed, as the fruit of their industry, an abundance!

No friendly visitor, alas! took this household in charge. No friend urged the saving “a little” each week, and *went to see that it was done*, and so the chance passed by, and four human lives were wrecked, because no wise counsel—or lent them a judicious hand!

The proposed “Postal Savings” Bill will afford (when passed) every facility for the poor to save, if they choose to save. But in many cases they won’t avail themselves of the chance; they won’t think they can do it.

Just here, the plan adopted in Castleton, Staten Island, proves the possibility of saving by all the poor. The visitors in this town have prepared a savings-ticket, for the party desiring to save, on which the dates and the amounts saved are registered, and the saver keeps this ticket as a receipt from the visitor, who enters the amounts received in her account-book.

“Ah!” said one woman, “why didn’t you come yesterday, ma’am? I had twenty-five cents I would have given you—now I have spent it!”

“Oh! yes, ma’am,” said another, “I’ll take five tickets, one for myself and one for each of the children; they all spend money, and, to be sure, I know they could all save it!”

One feature in this new departure in charity work is particularly worthy of notice, and, perhaps, of comment. In former days, relief associations, through their representatives, visited and ministered to the poor in Castleton, as they did, and, perhaps, continue to do, in many places.

Desirous of still continuing to help the worthy, a lady, who had distributed relief to many families, under the old charity, undertook to visit her district and persuade the families to save a little for hard times. She was only able to interest six households in this plan.

Another lady, who was a stranger in the district, and had not become known to the people as a donor of relief, assumed the visiting in this same district. She, in a short time, induced twenty families to take tickets, and found them, after her talk with them, eager to save, if only she would receive their spare pennies, a few at a time, each week, and if *she would call and collect them!* I understand that the practical introduction of this method in visiting has but recently been tested, and that the result shows the names of about two hundred children as ticket holders!

It is not that the poor will not save, or do without spending money; we all know their willingness to part with ready money in loan or gifts to their complaining friends. But it is that the poor, as a class, are ignorant of business methods, have no confidence in savings-banks, and won’t take the trouble to save small sums. But, if a visitor will call with regularity and collect the promised amount,

depend upon it, the mother will anticipate the pay-day, and put aside the savings, and will thank you for coming.

I knew a class of young men who really begged a lady visitor, who had shown interest in them, to take a sum from them each week. "We will spend it in billiards and beer, if you don't keep it for us; we can't help it." She received their small savings during the summer, and in the winter these youths were well provided with overcoats, bought with the money saved in little sums.

Let our new charity teach that "a penny saved is a penny earned," and that true success in life is the result of inde-

pendence and self-reliance, and that it can never be attained by men and women who plead poverty and receive alms.

This receiving of moneys from the poor should perhaps be a personal matter between the visitor and the party saving. But if a society adopting this method among its visitors should become responsible for the sums saved, increased confidence would be established among the people. This plan at Castleton was recommended by the Charity Organization Society of that place; but the society is in no way responsible for moneys placed in the keeping of the friendly visitors of the districts.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN RUSSIA.

THE rapid steps in the education of women in Russia is well told in a French letter, recently published, and reads almost as a fairy tale.

Compared with other Christian nations of the world, it is but a few years since women were in a state of abject slavery in Russia—even in the higher circles of life. Two centuries ago, the treatment of a wife by her husband was too brutal to be imagined in these civilized times. Then the riding-whip of the husband was the instrument of his power. To-day, the relations are those enjoyed by enlightened people in all civilized lands.

Peter the First enacted a law that men and women should gather themselves in "assemblies." This law met with the greatest resistance, and he was forced to issue a decree, making the "assemblies" obligatory and explaining how the sexes should bear themselves toward each other, and what should be their topics of conversation.

When we look back over these two centuries, and remember the traditions of

the Russians, their customs, manners and laws, it is almost like a miracle to see how, in this year, they have sprung to the front of European nations in their acknowledgment of the equality of sexes in education. Until now, no European nation is known to have accepted the testimony of a woman, as expert, in a case of insanity. Such a circumstance has just happened in Russia, where the expert, called upon to testify in court on the mental condition of a woman, was a woman—Mme. Boukovtser. Five years ago, this could not have happened. Twenty years ago, the wildest Russian reformer had not dreamed of it.

Equality in the education of the sexes has not been established without strong resistance on the part of the government. But that resistance has been overcome. In Russia, the government is absolute master of education—forbidding this thing or commanding that thing to be taught. Professors of history in the universities were at one time forbidden to allow the mention of the French Revolution in the classes. With such narrow ideas on the

sub
for
has
cre
obl
pec
A
to c
adm
to I
adv
own
at l
thei
mo
edu
was
thei
unl
Pet
esti
was
It w
ern
ures
bur
mov
edu
V
clar
serv
prov
that
was
"
cal
sinc
acqu
The
ford
this
peri
sacr
tend
typ
one
atter
to b

subject of education, the obstacles to reform can be imagined; but the movement has been so strong, and so steadily increasing, that the government has been obliged to yield to the wishes of the people.

About the year 1859, the women began to clamor for university education. Their admittance was forbidden, and they went to France and Switzerland to obtain the advantages of study denied them in their own country. The government was led, at last, to believe that these women, on their return, would promulgate even more liberal ideas than if allowed the education they sought at home. This was the strong point that gained them their concessions. A "simulacre," not unlike our annex, was established at St. Petersburg and at Moscow. It is interesting to note that this first innovation was not made outright by the government. It was done by private means, with government sanction. Later, medical lectures were given to women in St. Petersburg. The people sympathized with the movement and the demands for higher education of women increased.

When the war with Turkey was declared, many lady students offered their services at once to the government, and proved so zealous, intelligent and faithful that the report of the medical inspector was full of enthusiasm.

"The lady students of the periodic medical lectures," said he, "sent to the army since the opening of the campaign have acquitted themselves beyond all praise. The medical and surgical assistance afforded by them has perfectly justified, in this first experience, the hopes of the superior medical authorities. The self-sacrificing work of the women superintendents of hospitals, in the midst of a typhoid contagion, of which more than one was a victim, has attracted general attention. This first experience deserves to be noticed and encouraged."

Government awarded medals to the women who had served. But their greatest reward was in feeling that, at last, their rights were recognized. To-day, in Russia, there are nearly 400 women physicians. Without doubt the number would be much larger, were it not for the bigotry and narrowness of many of the provincial rulers, who are yet too conservative to allow it. In France, there are not more than twenty or thirty.

Russia believes in the co-education of young men and women without violation of the rules of propriety. The government is convinced that the higher education of women with men tends to elevate rather than to lower them. The writer of the French letter quotes from *La Russie Politique et Sociale* the following anecdote to show the simplicity and purity of these Russian students. In reading it, we must bear in mind that it is from a French point of view. Indeed, we may say from an European point of view. It does not appear so startling to Americans:

"At the time of the inauspicious war of 1870, two young Russian ladies were studying in Switzerland; the army of the east had just been obliged to cross the frontier. One night, as a furious blast was raging and a cold rain beat upon the roofs, several French soldiers knocked at the door of the house where these young ladies were living. The soldiers said that they could find no shelter. The mistress of the house, a Swiss, refused to let them in, offering as pretext that there were no men in the house. The noise awakened the young students. They were indignant. 'The idea!' they said; 'for such a piece of stupidity, these poor soldiers are to be obliged to stand out in the rain!'

"The young ladies dressed themselves in all haste, and, without, regarding in the least the dismay of their hostess, lavished their attentions upon these poor, exhausted men."

Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down :—
Look forward and not back :—
Look out and not in,
And Lend a Hand."

TO THE TENS THROUGHOUT THE LAND, GREETING :

IN these still early months of 1887, may I claim the right, as one of you, to give you my cordial, earnest and hopeful wishes for the days to be ?

Not long ago, the one who planted the mustard seed by the lake side spoke to me of "summer sowing," and said, "write something about your Ten." With this permission, as it were, I am glad to bridge the distance by a letter to you.

Since that glimpse and that sentence, I have been thinking, with a feeling of encouragement and of responsibility, also, of the vast and beautiful harvest that would appear, if all the members of the Tens, who go their different ways, could see the combined result of their work in His name. Would it not be, truly, fruit an hundred-fold, and so, because of the faithfulness of each one in that which is least ?

It seems to me a very lovely thing to be a messenger for the Tens, as there is opportunity, and, by speaking and writing here and there, friends have joined me in this sacred fellowship, until, almost imperceptibly, my one Ten has been added to by a second and part of a third. The working and result of these have gone forth to such a number, it would seem almost incredible from so slight a beginning, *but* for the thought that it was in His name. What strikes me, especially, is the many-sidedness of this spirit of the Tens, which comes as a power and in-

spiration to such different lives in answer to such various needs. The practical embodiment of faith, hope and love must bring a daily abiding in the True Vine, and would you care to hear something of the outreaching and growth of our particular branches ?

Several months ago, the pleasure was given me of bringing knowledge of the Tens to a friend from Boston. She is a glorious woman, full of noble impulses and generous deeds. To her, I think, this meant the key to the value of little things, as well. See how she writes as a Daughter of the King :

"The work appeals to me as one of the loveliest I have ever known"—and, again, "nor could I tell you how the spiritual life seemed to wear an added depth and grace, as in His name it hallowed every act, and rested as a benediction upon all thought." She at once joined my Ten, and, during a long journey, completed her own, of which she says : "The helpful thought of this, my Ten, is that each number is at once to stand as head of another, and true, earnest work be carried on." In a second letter she speaks of "the blessed Tens," and continues, "again and again does my heart thank you for opening to me the door through which floods of sunshine perpetually stream. Now, as never before, all the little things of life are so consecrated, because with every thought and deed now comes the sweet consciousness, in His name. I

look into the pale faces of the anxious, toiling servants about the hotel, and where often before I did nothing, because it seemed so little that it was not worth while, the thought comes, 'lend a hand in His name'—until the expression of sympathy, the word of advice, seems glorified, because His love goes with it. There, too, it has made me brave to attempt what otherwise my lack of self-assurance would never permit, because it is simply 'lending a hand.' After giving an instance that had grown into a needed helpfulness to some one, she adds, "what has impressed me, in this and other cases, is the rich result from beginnings that would not have been made, but for the magic of that watch-word." Of the little cross, she writes, "it is ever whispering sweet things, as well as sounding a clarion call."

In a peaceful place, amid the beauty of the quiet hills, a Daughter of the King is carrying on this good work. Her ministry is one of active service, notwithstanding her delicate health. Her untiring energy and unswerving perseverance have wrought most helpfully for the church of which she is a member, and she has organized several Tens. Of these, she recently wrote, "The first one I formed of young ladies and men. The girls are members of my Guild. The second is composed of my Sunday-school boys and one outsider. The third is formed of girls about fourteen, and I have three other Tens partly formed." To know how the members are multiplying, sends me on my way rejoicing.

Last September, came a letter from another one of my Ten, to say she herself had one, reaching from Pennsylvania to Colorado. In addition, she has started four Tens in a seminary, including the principal, vice-principal, and a number of the pupils; while, without, she has three Tens of men and Daughters of the King, together. Her Sunday-school class of children, some of whom work in

a mill, she has organized into a Ten, and every week they tell her in what ways they have lent a hand; how they have refrained from being ill-natured, etc. Other Tens are forming in distant places, through friends of hers, and this has all been accomplished within the past few months from the apparently insignificant beginning of my letter, asking her to join me, as a Daughter of the King.

To all but one of the members of my Tens, this work was new. I thought to lend a hand by bringing them the tidings, and lo! the good reacts and lovely experiences come back to me, through them. I suppose we all find it so. Every "looking out" to give, in this way, means to receive, as well. I wish I could express what the spirit of the Tens has been to me, but the depth of its truth and significance, the light and strength it brings, are beyond the measurement of words. Each Daughter of the King can but feel, herself, how it glorifies the daily living; how it gives one eyes to see and ears to hear the blessed things that wait for recognition, investing with new meaning the accustomed ways, as she walks them in His name. Is it not the key-note to all beautiful harmonies? Does it not marvelously widen the horizon of possibilities?

In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do.

I love to think of this, and to know that the dear friend who wrote it, whose words have gone forth in blessing to hundreds, with their wonderful suggestion and *interpreting* power, is among us as a Daughter of the King. I can only wonder and be thankful that she has joined *my* Ten; she, who has helped so many souls to high endeavor, through the grand, gentle teaching of her books, showing each the way to make his or her "place" holy unto the Lord.

One of my Ten or Tens—which shall I say?—has served the Master faithfully and lovingly for nearly ninety years.

Within the past twelve months, she has taken the outward sign of the name of a Daughter of the King, and the little shining emblem with the bit of royal color, that has grown to mean so much. The *reality* was there before. She has always been, unconsciously, a member of the Audubon Society, through her tenderness toward all living things, tiny birds and dumb creatures. Her gentleness and great humility of nature make me feel that it is *good* she should be one with us in the Tens, especially for us, who are young beginners on the life-journey.

Recently, another one of our Ten told me he had four members toward one of his own. He spoke of an occurrence which was interesting, especially as he is generally supposed to be engrossed with business and society, among men of influence, and this little episode illustrated the true spirit of the Tens, which breaks down the barriers of social reserve. This time, it brought together a professional man from this busy metropolis, and a wood-chopper far away in a quiet nook. Sitting on a tree-trunk, under the summer sky, my friend told the story of the Tens to his eager listener, with which Hans was extremely pleased, remarking at the end, "If I give another man a lift with a log, that's good, aint it?" How much clearer the way would be, if we all remembered this homely phrase, and helped to lift the burdens that beset so many paths.

There must be a sort of mental telegraphy among the people who are trying to lend a hand, which brings the news of so much that is encouraging. A few days since, one of our number spoke to me of what is doubtless the beginning of a great good in this crowded city. It was on Christmas eve that it happened, and in a business office, where he stopped for a moment, to make an inquiry which ended in a conversation. There were two large Maltese crosses in view, and they led to the subject of the Tens by his saying that the Maltese cross was, to him,

the sign of something that meant a great deal in his own life. Then followed, of course, the explanation and the mottoes, and as the Christmas bells were chiming in "the day of days," these two men joined each other in a new band, the brotherhood which is in His name. The one to whom it came for the first time has the supervision of a very large number of boys, of different ages, and said he felt that it would prove a real help in his influence and work.

Now may I tell you of a little thing that has grown into a very unexpected result? Last spring, to some one too far distant for spoken words, a Mary in name and nature, whose life is a choosing of the good part, I sent a letter giving the history of the Tens, and requesting her to become a member of mine. She gladly acceded to this, and, not being able to form one of her own, spoke to friends whom she thought would be interested and might find it possible to gather their individual clusters about them. To one she sent my letter and has recently given me the outcome. Of this lady she writes, "I must tell you of her enthusiasm over the Tens * * and the capacity for usefulness opened in this way. She said she had organized at least a hundred Tens." Think what an army of Christian workers! This lady, who has accomplished so largely, is, through her own kind request, a member of my Ten, and this morning word reached me of still other results. She writes, "you see how the Lord is using your letter," and of the Tens says, "How many blessed ways He is taking to answer His own inimitable prayer, 'that they may be one, as we are one.'" It means much, in the way of still greater helpfulness to others, that she should be a Daughter of the King, for she is one of those "to whom heaven seems native and earth an exile."

Already, you see, the circles have widened far beyond my pen, and I can but be thankful that the pebble was put into

my hand to stir the ripples. So many people, looking for opportunities of doing good, can be to the great multitude like the angel who troubled the water for healing.

I want to tell you of a little experience that marked one of those exquisite October evenings last autumn. I had been interested in a Christian woman who had worked for us now and then, poor in this world's goods, but with an atmosphere of cheerfulness and a steadfast courage that made me wonder if hearing of the Tens would be a stimulus in her rather prosaic life. So, in a quaint little old-fashioned kitchen, this new member was added to my Ten, while the moonbeams made strange, beautiful lights and shadows on the trees and grass without, and a cheery fire glowed within, that the baking might be done. She is partly the bread winner as well as bread maker for a large family, and that the story of the Tens did give just the touch of poetry and help she needed was shown in her intense interest, and the positive radiance of her face. Finally, she looked up and said—just at the critical moment, too, when the fresh-browned loaf was being taken from the oven—"When you commenced to tell me I should have said, Why do you come to me, a poor person? What is there I can do to help any one? but now—since I understand about the little things—I *will* lend a hand, if it's only to pick up an old man's cane! And I'll tell of it, too, until, perhaps, sometime I will have a Ten of my own."

It was in the late autumn of 1885 that the knowledge of the Tens first came to me, and several months after that I joined the Daughters of the King, and commenced to form Tens myself. In one year, through the little things, the spoken or written word which I have been permitted to give in His name, and that any other young girl in her sheltered home

may as easily give, the message of the Tens has gone out, and been welcomed by, as nearly as I can judge, 1,240 people.

Thus, in His name, my letter goes to *you*, with the prayerful hope that, through its simple outline, some one may see the encouraging side of the Tens, and realize how surely the smallest acts of service in that dear name do have results beyond one's imagining.

Just in my own Tens, the members include men and women, rich and poor, young and old, whose homes are north, south, east and west. Does not this show how adaptive it all is, and that the foundation of the Tens is the real spirit of truth, which holds something for every one?

At the last Christmas-tide, my first as a Daughter of the King, it seemed to me that, to those enrolled on the list of Tens, the grand Christmas anthem must sound with a new strain, a more personal meaning—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," echoing so strongly in the hearts of the King's children that the time will come more quickly when the star of Bethlehem shall be a light "to all people."

Peace and good-will to men. Look up and hail
The tidings beautiful! O pause and hear,
Ye sons of earth! The promise shall not fail
Of love that saves, and hope that knows no fear.

When this letter actually reaches you, the March winds will be here, with their double speech of winter days and spring-time tokens.

Let us open wide the doors of these hearts of ours, that the King of glory may come in, and so we go forth, strong to fulfil as well as plan, remembering St. Paul's message, "Whatsoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks unto God and the Father by Him."

Faithfully yours, in His name,

E. G. V.

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN HELP THEIR PASTOR.

BY J. W. BASHFORD, PH. D.

PART II.

In our last article, we spoke of Hand-help. We are to say a few words to-day upon Head-help and Heart-help. Let us speak first of Head-help. The secretary of our Y. M. C. A. sends all important notices to four newspapers, and to over a score of churches. The copying and mailing of these notices is all done by the boys for the Association. I know a minister who wishes to send his Sunday notices to the newspapers at the latest moment, so that he may make such changes as he wishes. Henry Tuttle knows this fact. He has learned the form of announcement which his pastor prefers. He calls upon the pastor at tea-time, Friday, receives the notices verbally from him, writes them out in the appropriate form, and then carries them to the offices of the daily papers which appear Saturday morning. Jonathan Edwards—what a name! and he is in no way related to his celebrated namesake, of whom you will some day read—often reports, briefly, lectures and concerts at our church. He is thus helping the church, and is getting experience in writing. You remember Dickens began as a reporter for a daily paper.

My call book contains the names of all the members of the church alphabetically arranged. It has also, under the names of the streets upon which they live, the name of every member of the church, of every Sunday-school scholar, and of each member of every family in any way connected with us. Before beginning my afternoon calls, I read over all the names upon the street where I expect to make calls, so that I am able to ask Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. about all their family by name.

The mothers are often surprised, and always gratified, to hear me call their children by name. When they mention the fact, I am obliged, for the sake of honesty, to show my call-book, containing over 2,500 names, neatly written for me by Miss Flora, and revised by her every year; and then some of these mothers think that she ought to be called our Assistant Pastor. I think that when she reaches heaven, she will have a seat next to the Recording Angel.

Heart-help. One Sunday morning, last winter, a hard snow-storm began before daylight, and continued during the forenoon. I knew that few people would be present at the morning service. But what was my surprise and delight, to see in the audience little Johnnie L., who had come over a mile, alone, to the service! How I racked my brain that morning for an extra story, or a good illustration for a boy! I think if boys and girls knew how much their presence at the preaching service cheers the heart of their pastor, they would go every Sunday. I know how dry our sermons often are. But, if the boys and girls become a factor in the preacher's audience, perhaps he will brighten the sermon by illustrations. Even a dry sermon will prove a discipline to your patience and your will power. Besides, if boys and girls ever attain self-mastery, and the mastery of life's tasks, they must learn to do many acts which are not pleasant at the time. The most enervating idea in modern life is the prevalent notion that boys and girls are only to read, and study, and hear what interests them. If each of you who read this will attend the preaching service every

Sunday, you will be surprised at your mental and spiritual growth, and you will encourage your pastor as your little dream.

The last, the most difficult, and the most helpful method of encouraging your pastor, is by *being* as well as doing; by developing character, as well as performing specific acts of kindness. Last summer, I met for the first time Mr. Samuel Longfellow. He was spending a few weeks at the old homestead, and, with rare spiritual intuitions, had recognized the *fine* character of a boy, whom we will call Herbert Vincent. He had been first attracted by the face of the boy when he met him at the public library. The next time they met, Mr. Longfellow spoke to the lad, and was charmed with his refined manners. Herbert's home is a plain one, and his father is ill. But, when Mr. Longfellow called to see Herbert, he was delighted with the fine spirit and intelligence the boy displayed. Herbert's manners and expression could no more be put on for a special occasion than blossoms could be fastened on the apple trees by the gardener in the spring. Herbert is thoughtful and loyal to his convictions thus far in life, and his manners are the blossom of his character. I was greatly encouraged when Mr. Longfellow congratulated me on "my boys," for Herbert had told him that he was a member of the church and of my class. I was surprised and greatly pained to hear, the other day, that another of "my boys" is using bad language, smoking cigarettes, and is not kind to his mother. Still another of my boys went into the country to board last summer. The family where he boarded is not a Christian family. Harry is only eight years old, but a loyal Christian, and a member of the church. He does not talk about religion so much as he lives it. After Harry's return, one of the family wrote his mother as follows: "You may be proud of Harry. He is a very manly, conscientious boy, and we

greatly enjoyed having him with us; we are sure he is a Christian." The difference between Edwin and Harry is not chiefly due to nature. Edwin has the more pleasant face, and Harry the more stubborn will. But Harry is in earnest about being a Christian. He shows grit and hope in his effort to conquer his lower nature. God works with such boys, and Harry has learned the secret of successful prayer.

At the first church I ever served, I took a difficult class of boys in the Sunday-school. Several of them have turned out finely; but Stanley encourages me greatly. He was born during the war, and inherited a military taste. Like Frederick Robertson, he wanted to be a soldier, and went to a military school. He later completed a college course, and is engaged in the nobler warfare against ignorance and vice. In the same church, one of the girls, Miss Hattie, wanted to go to college. As there was then no girls' Latin school in Boston, I helped her to prepare. She, too, graduated. Stranger still, Stanley and Hattie fell in love, and they are now happily married, just as is related in story-books, although this incident is true. Both are now exercising a large and growing influence, in a leading city, for the highest mental and spiritual culture. Every pastor will tell you that when boys and girls make the most of themselves in the highest sense of the word, they most help their pastors. Better still, in this same manner they most help their parents, they most help their native town and their native land. Best of all, in this way the boys and girls most help to bring in the kingdom of heaven upon earth. Phillips Brooks once gave a definition of holiness, which, I am sure, will mean more and more to you as you think about it. I will close by giving it to you as your motto: "Holiness consists in developing every faculty to its highest power, and devoting it to its highest use."

Can you think of any better way to help the better; for you will never learn to your pastor than by realizing this definition? The sooner you begin this work, the sooner you will serve God by an apprenticeship to the devil.

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

FROM the spirited poem read at the first reunion of the Ten Times One club of the First Church, Westfield, on the 29th of December last, we quote a part. It should be remembered that this is the club that sent to the Micronesian Islanders the "Peep of Day," translated into their own musical language. The club had printed and published this at the expense of several hundred dollars.

"Look up" to the source of kindness,
To the fount of strength and love,
"Look up" to the All-sufficient,
Look not downward but above.

"Look out" in the world about you,
See the sorrow ever near;
"Look out" with a helpful radiance,
"Look not in" but outward here.

"Look ahead" to the far future,
Work for glories sure to prove;
"Look ahead," with earnest vision,
"Look not back" but forward move.

"Lend a hand" to those who need it,
See the help that men demand;
"Lend a hand" to bring them gladness,
Be not loath to "lend a hand."

To the club we gave our pledges
To be helpful all we could;
Daily seek our own improvement,
Give our money to do good.

We have done something, learned a little truth;
We sought for it in many different ways,
And to us seeking, it was not denied.
We found the benefit of all our work,
Our growth in mental, moral qualities,
We found the beauty of a lending hand
In helping one another day by day;
We found the blessedness of sending help
To those whose homes were not in Christian lands.

But all the praise should be unto those hearts
Who worked and prayed for us through many years,
Desiring that we might improve ourselves,
Be noble men and women, lead true lives
Of faith in God and service to the world.
And we do thank them, yet this is best thanks,
The being and the doing all that we
Can be and do, and so shall be fulfilled
Their wish, their earnest hope for all our club.

In the past that we remember,
Fun and work that we recall,
Come glad thoughts of Hiawatha,
Backward to us, first of all.

Memories of the lovely spring-time,
Coming forth in robes of green :
Memories of sweet Minnehaha,
Hiawatha and his queen.

Memories of the noble chieftains,
Sitting round the council fires ;
Of the squaws and old Nokomis,
In their beads and gay attire.

Pleasant thoughts of happy labor,
And the good that through it came,
Crowd upon us looking backwards,
Service given "in His name."

Pleasant thoughts of all the blessings
In the money that we gave ;
Gave to teach the Bible story,
Gave to those we wished to save.

Passing on, we reached the highlands,
Heard their legends and their songs,
Scottish tales of noble daring,
Tales of joy and woful wrongs.

Other countries spread before us,
Calling us to seek their lands,
See their beauties, learn their wisdom,
Beckoned us with outstretched hands.

So we came to quaint old Holland,
And for weeks we travelled here ;
Very lovingly we lingered,
Pilgrim soil to us was dear.



Lend a Hand.

Quaint old towns with tragic stories,
 In the days of siege and war,
 Standing firm for their religion,
 Firm for freedom and for law.

Florence, home of art and beauty,
 Home of the avenging priest;
 Here we spent a happy season,
 For a time our roving ceased.

But at last we turned toward Venice,
 To the city by the sea,
 Added to our stores of knowledge,
 Came back wise as we could be.

Coming back, we told our neighbors,
 In the church one Friday night,
 What we saw and our adventures,
 On their darkness throwing light.

So we always made our journeys
 For ourselves and others, too;
 Planned some pleasure for our elders
 In all we might see or do.

Looking back on all the meetings,
 On our study and our fun,
 'Twere far easier to remember
 What it is we have not done.

Grave conundrums, puzzling questions,
 Prophecies of future days—
 All should be of honor worthy,
 Some should win both fame and praise.

Not yet the years have brought to us
 These grand prophetic warnings,
 But we are young, and we can wait
 The future glorious dawns.

Though it be pleasant, brief should be for us
 The looking back, the glancing at the past;
 Our purpose and our aims reach forth so high,
 Though, in the past, we have not done our best;
 Yet, looking forward to a better time
 And better service, let us strive anew,
 With love and trust and hope and earnestness,
 To "lend a hand" to old and to the young,
 To those in sorrow, those whose hearts are glad—

Th
 ble an
 event
 memb
 she m
 langu
 the o
 est sis
 W. G
 sugge
 memo
 young
 are na
 meml
 and in
 Savan
 she w

For all are helped by human sympathy—
 To make our lives a ministry of love,
 An anthem of sweet praises to our King.
 No discords marring perfect harmony
 Of thought or action, as we tune our hearts
 Accordant with the Lord of ministry.
 To "lend our hands" to make a happy world
 Of peace, of love, of perfect purity.
 To "lend our hands" to add to that great throng
 Who enter joyously the heavenly gates,
 Redeemed and crowned with perfect righteousness.
 To be an inspiration, and an aid
 To those who, coming after, shall have learned
 By our example what our lives have taught;
 The blessedness of service to the world.
 A purpose grand is this, a wish sublime;
 Thus only shall we lead a noble life;
 Only thus be great, by humbly doing
 Each thing that comes the nearest to our hands,
Uplooking to the source of all our strength,
 And *outward* for the good we may do here,
 And *forward* to the time of blessedness,
 Till "Ten Times One Is Ten" increase its band,
 And hundreds, thousands, millions join our ranks,
 Uniting in this glorious work of love,
 Of bearing joy to all the sons of earth.
 So shall all pain and darkness disappear.
 And light and gladness everywhere hold sway:
 So shall the world reëcho with the sound,
 The universal song of praise to God.

THE death of Miss Jane Otis, an estimable and lovely lady of Boston, will be an event of interest to many of the older members of the Wadsworth clubs. For she may properly be spoken of in the language of Ten Times One as one of the original ten. She was the youngest sister of Caroline, the wife of Frederic W. Greenleaf, the young man whose life suggested the "Harry Wadsworth," in memory of whom so many clubs of young people in all parts of the world are named. For many years she was a member of his family, loving and loved; and in Worcester, Massachusetts, and in Savannah, Georgia, as well as in Boston, she will be tenderly remembered.

THE Conseil Général de la Seine, which is composed of the Municipal Councilors of Paris and of a certain number of representatives for the outskirts, have at one of their last meetings voted a sum of £320 for the holiday travelling of the children belonging to the outskirts of Paris. It has been decided that the children old enough to derive an intellectual benefit from such travelling would be sent, under the guidance of their school-masters, or of other competent persons, either to Switzerland or to some other places. For the youngest, preparations will be made for their accommodation in the country or on the seaside.

Intelligence.

ANOTHER YEAR OF CHARITY ORGANIZATION.

THE results of last year's operations, on the part of the Charity Organization Society in New York, have now been tabulated at the Central office in that city and we are able to give a summary of the more important points in the year's history. The most general and novel undertaking embraces all the Organization Societies and Associated Charities formed on the same model in the United States. These now number upwards of sixty-five, distributed over centers of population aggregating 7,800,000 souls, or about one-eighth of the inhabitants of the United States, and penetrating twenty-one states. Vermont, New Hampshire, Kansas and Nebraska, with the Pacific states, are the only northern ones destitute of such organizations, while of the old southern states they are found only in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee and Louisiana. But as the social problems of pauperism and disrated people are much less complicated and formidable in agricultural communities, it will be seen that all important centers for attacking them in their intrenchments are now pretty well occupied. At the National Conference of Charities, held last July at St. Paul, Minnesota, the Charity Organizationists took the opportunity to construct themselves into a section and hold continuous sessions to prepare plans for the enlargement of their special work.

It was there agreed to consolidate all these affiliated societies into one great national system, so that uniform methods of reporting the work done might be pursued in them all, and a basis laid for those classifications of experience and

methods out of which the persistent laws of social decadence and renovation are elicited. By means of this system, all roaming vagrants and impostors are to be registered at the office in Buffalo, and for exchanges of information a telegraphic code is to be formed. The introduction of a course of instruction upon the social questions that confront the church-goer and burden the tax-payer into the seminaries and higher schools of the country was pressed forward, and an example of its success and utility is furnished in Buffalo. By these astute measures, which are clearly but an extension of the fundamental ideas of this new economy, charity work becomes assimilated to the great business exchanges of the country. The time is fully ripe for some such national concert of action and the charitable interest is one of immense magnitude. The cost to the country of its dependent classes, including those in correctional and penal institutions, may be estimated roundly as follows:

In 1880, about 60,000 persons were confined on judicial commitments. The cost of their support, including interest on plants, has been given again and again by a competent penologist at \$200 per head. Here is a total of \$12,000,000. The distinctively charitable institutions of the country which are maintained from the tax rate, including almshouses, asylums, various classes of hospitals, and the out-door relief by poor guardians, reach a more numerous class at about the same total cost, and still again the provisions made for the unfortunate and dependent by voluntary contributors are

not less expensive than those of the state. Here is an administration of nearly forty millions of dollars in the United States on behalf of those people displaced by misfortune and vice, to whose care the public has fallen heir. How far within the mark this estimate is may be judged from the fact that the poor-rates of England and Wales have produced \$35,000,000 in a single year for a population less than 25,000,000. Now if at the principal centers of population the charitable public will stand sentinel, to watch over the beginnings of social decay, and in concerted system will make vagrancy and dissoluteness harder while making industry and honesty easier, the wholesome forces of society must make rapid inroad upon its disruptive tendencies.

In its local duty the Charity Organization Society of New York presents its last year's work in more intelligible form than we have heretofore seen it. It divides into three classes those instances of real or pretended necessity which come under its care; one class consists of those whom it simply distributes among the various institutions and relief agencies of the city, according to the peculiarities of each case; a second class comprises those dependents who are already in charge of private individuals, or of benevolent associations, but who present such aspects of obscurity, doubt, or difficulty, that their benefactors desire investigation, counsel, or additional resources concerning them. These are known as consultative cases, and fall under the society's pledge to co-operate with all almoners of relief who apply to them; the third class is made up of those for whose guardianship, up to the point of removal from the pauper list, the society makes itself exclusively responsible. They arise chiefly in the work of the subordinate district committees, whose nine local organizations cover all the city from Houston street to West 59th and East 79th streets. From these three sources, there came under the operations

of the society last year 13,153 cases, very nearly equally divided among the groups named.

One of the criterions by which this society asks to be tested is the unusual one of the proportion of its cases which it permanently removes from the roll of dependence on general charity. Objections have been made that the claims of success in this direction are too sanguine: that, from the nature of the case, the permanency of rectified conditions could not be established, and that it is probable that many families, graduated from the pauperism of one locality, lapse into it again in other places, or under assumed names. The society has claimed to remove, annually, from reliance upon vicarious aid to reliance upon their own natural resources about 25 per cent of the cases under its direct management, which proportion comprises 2,122 families in the last two years. This record it subjected to a careful scrutiny last summer. The result was that 20 per cent of these rehabilitated families were known to continue their self-maintenance, 45 per cent had disappeared from view and from local charity lists, 3 per cent remained in the situations where they had been placed, 9 per cent had died, or the families had dispersed, and less than one-fourth had returned for further assistance. Perhaps it may be fair to concede that one-half of the families who have once been raised to self-support remain upon their feet permanently; in which event 500 of them have been placed in that position in each of the last two years. This transfer from the debit to the credit side of the social profit and loss account is estimated to make an annual difference of \$400 for each family, or a total to the community of \$200,000 a year.

Another feature of the society's work is emerging into increased importance. It becomes to contributors of money for benevolent purposes, to churches, and to reputable relief associations, what a good

commercial agency is to business houses. There are two phases of this kind of enterprise; one is the well-known repression of mendicants, the other is the less-known detection of dissembling schemes of charity. There are scores of such pretences arising in New York every year. There are collectors of alms for distribution among their own clientage; there are impostors in the dress of priests and of sisters of charity; there are associations for junketing disguised as beneficial societies; there are schemes of philanthropy set on foot for the benefit of their promoters. Against all these impostures the Organization Society stands ready to protect its members, and, in flagrant cases, to defend the public through the daily press. While thus repressing these worthless agents, the society also endorses honest almoners of trust funds, and discloses their especial merits and facilities, confirming the confidence of their friends in them. Like a good mercantile agency, it upholds

the credit of sound operators and curtails the credit of the moral bankrupts.

The registries of the society now embrace 130,000 reports concerning mendicants, and these represent 88,000 families. They also record the character of 24,000 buildings where beggars and licentious livers congregate. It would seem as if this vast mass of information must cover about all the social dilapidation of the city. The bulk of it is here brought to light, that all almoners of trust moneys and all benevolent individuals may assure themselves in any particular case whether their intervention will succor genuine misery, or encourage dissolute and mendacious lives.

Records like this persuade us that this recent movement in charitable economy has come, in the fullness of time, to stay; for it is only since it began that the subject has been handled with so much thoroughness, system, and determination to get upon the right track. D. O. K.

REPORTS OF CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS.

BOSTON. *Appleton Street Chapel*. Third Annual Report. *Treasurer*, Arthur S. Knight. This society endeavors to furnish religious and moral instruction to those persons not connected with other churches. Current receipts, \$1,393.71; expenses, \$1,203.90.

BOSTON. *Benevolent Fraternity of Churches*. Fifty-second Annual Report, 1886. *President*, Rev. E. A. Horton; *Secretary*, John Capen; *Treasurer*, G. H. Norcross. Ministry-at-large, for visiting and comforting the poor. Current expenses, \$14,619.46; receipts, \$14,036.20.

BOSTON. *Church Home for Orphans and Destitute Children*. Twenty-ninth Annual Report. *President*, Right Rev. B. H. Paddock, D. D.; *Treasurer*, George H. Richards. An Episcopalian Home for Orphans and Destitute Children. Current receipts, \$10,542.97; expenses, \$10,502.42.

BOSTON. *Children's Aid Society*. Twenty-second Annual Report. *President*, George S. Hale; *Clerk*, Horace D. Chapin. The object of this Society is to surround children with good influences in a home, and teach them to be self-supporting. Current receipts, \$7,127.46; expenses, \$7,135.90.

BOSTON. *Home for Destitute Catholic Children*. Annual Statement. *President*, John B. O'Brien; *Secretary*, James Havey. This is a home supported by the Roman Catholics for destitute children. Current receipts, \$19,168.75; expenses, \$18,973.42.

BOSTON. *Home for Aged Men*. Twenty-fifth Annual Report. *President*, D. Waldo Salisbury. *Clerk*, David H. Coolidge. This Society furnishes a permanent home to elderly men, natives of the United States, and ten years resident in Boston. Current receipts, \$59,775.40; expenses, \$60,226.79.

BOSTON. *Home for Aged Couples*. Third Annual Report. *President*, Elizabeth A. Carleton, M. D.; *Secretary*, Mrs. L. B. Baldwin. The object of this institution is to provide a permanent home for aged couples over sixty years of age. Current receipts, \$8,140.31; expenses, \$6,948.99.

BOSTON. *Industrial Aid Society*. Fifty-first Annual Report. *President*, Thomas C. Amory; *Secretary*, Erving Winslow. Its purpose is to assist working people by placing them in the positions for which they are fitted, and to provide proper home influences and education for the young. Current receipts, \$4,181.22; current expenses, \$4,158.76.

BOSTON. *Industrial Temporary Home*. Second Annual Report. *Superintendent*, Joseph J. Pindell. The Society furnishes a home, with its comforts, to those worthy, and out of employment and means, till they shall obtain situations. Current receipts, \$28,048.04; expenses, \$29,608.00.

BOSTON. *Provident Association*. Thirty-fifth Annual Report. *President*, Chas. R. Codman; *Secretary*, Wm. Hedge. The object is to encourage and help

the needy to become self-supporting. Current receipts, \$88,520.03; expenses, \$80,978.06.

BOSTON. *Scots' Charitable Society.* Two hundred and twenty-eighth Annual Report. *Secretary,* P. C. Anderson. Current receipts, \$2,864.12; expenses, \$2,995.70.

BOSTON. *St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum.* Forty-third Annual Report. *Treasurer,* Hugh Carey. The Asylum provides a home for destitute orphan children. Current receipts, \$19,369.06; expenses, \$15,277.88.

BOSTON. *Veterans' Rights Union and Employment Bureau.* *President,* D. R. Pierce; *Secretary,* G. H. Innis. This society aids worthy Veteran soldiers and sailors in procuring suitable employment, and assists the widows and children to obtain recognition of past claims against the government on account of services rendered.

BOSTON. *Washingtonian Home.* Twenty-eighth Annual Report, 1886. *President,* Otis Clapp. *Clerk,* S. W. Sargent; *Treasurer,* T. J. Skinner; *Superintendent and Physician,* Dr. Albert Day. For the restoration of inebriates to their normal condition of health and sobriety. Current expenses, \$12,518.61; receipts, \$13,686.70.

BOSTON. *West End Nursery and Hospital for Infants.* Third Annual Report. *President,* Henry F. Allen; *Secretary,* Henry C. Haven. The object of this Society is the cure, alleviation, or prevention of suffering in children under two years of age, and to teach the mothers to properly care for and feed them. Current receipts, \$8,467.12; expenses, \$7,417.14.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. *Children's Aid Society.* Twenty-first Annual Report, Nov., 1886. *President,* W. W. Wickes; *Secretary,* E. B. Wood; *Treasurer,* W. W. Rossiter. To train and teach children, and open to them greater possibilities in life. Receipts, \$19,405.28; current expenses, \$18,682.68.

BUFFALO, N. Y. *Women's Educational and Industrial Union.* Second Annual Report. *President,* Mrs. Geo. W. Townsend; *Secretary,* Mrs. Porter Norton. Its object is to promote mutual co-operation and sympathy among women. Current receipts, \$1,284.83; expenses, \$1,454.74.

KANSAS CITY, MO. *Provident Association.* Fifth Annual Report, 1885. *President,* H. F. Devol; *Treasurer,* C. W. Whitehead; *Secretary,* C. A. Young. To permanently benefit, as well as temporarily relieve the needy. Receipts, \$13,028.14; expenses, \$13,616.83.

KENTUCKY. *STATE INSTITUTIONS.* *Eastern Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, Lexington.* Sixty-first Annual Report, 1885. *President,* W. L. Thomas; *Treasurer,* L. P. Easton; *Secretary,* C. W. Kimbrough. Expenses, \$130,708.75; receipts, \$105,905.75.

Central Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, Anchorage. *President,* A. G. Herr; *Secretary,* W. C. Terry; *Treasurer,* J. W. Nichols. Current expenses, \$96,190.72; receipts, \$97,015.42.

For Feeble-minded Children, Frankfort, 1885. *President of the Board,* Grant Green; *Secretary,* Miss Mary Page; *Treasurer,* A. W. Weston. Receipts, \$30,359.07; expenses, \$28,925.25.

For Deaf Mutes, Danville. Sixty-second Annual

Report, 1885. *President,* J. W. Proctor; *Secretary,* S. V. Rowland; *Treasurer,* J. H. Thomas. Receipts, \$29,727.38; expenses, \$29,599.12.

Institution for the Education of the Blind, Louisville, 1885. *President of the Board of Visitors,* Hon. W. F. Bullock; *Treasurer,* T. G. Barret. Expenses, \$18,991.42.

Western Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, Hopkinsville, 1885. *President,* S. E. Price; *Secretary,* George Poindexter; *Treasurer,* J. B. Trice. Receipts, \$99,258.29; expenses, \$73,498.60.

LAWRENCE, MASS. *City Mission.* Twenty-seventh Annual Report. *President,* Gilbert E. Hood; *Secretary,* F. S. Longworth. The object of this Mission is to furnish spiritual and temporal relief to the poor and degraded. Current receipts, \$1,613.20; expenses, \$1,332.08.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY. *House of Refuge.* Twentieth Annual Report, 1885. *President,* D. P. Faulds; *Secretary,* W. P. McDowell. Current expenses, \$25,496.02.

LOWELL, MASS. *Ministry at Large.* Forty-first Annual Report. *President,* Geo. F. Richardson; *Secretary,* Hamilton Burrage. The object of this Mission is to preach the Gospel, afford charitable relief and raise the morality of the poor. Current expenses, \$2,352.42.

NEWARK, N. J. *Female Charitable Society.* Eighty-second Annual Report. *President,* Mrs. Matthias Price; *Treasurer,* Mrs. Martin R. Dennis. Established in 1803. "For the relief of poor and distressed persons in the village of Newark." Current receipts, \$8,023.85; expenses, \$7,569.38.

NEWTON. *Rebecca Pomroy Home for Orphan Girls.* Fourteenth Annual Report. *President,* Nathaniel T. Allen; *Secretary,* Mrs. J. Sturgis Potter. The directors provide a home for destitute children and orphans, where they can have training to fit them to earn their own living. Current receipts, \$2,102.16; expenses, \$1,921.61.

NEW YORK CITY. *Charitable Organization.* Fourth Annual Report. *President,* Francis H. Weeks; *Secretary,* Jas. K. Gracie. This organization endeavors to promote harmonious co-operation between churches and charitable agencies in investigating cases of poverty, judiciously assisting the poor, and repressing pauperism. Current receipts, \$21,566.46; expenses, \$20,295.24.

NEW YORK. *Industrial Education Association.* Second Annual Report, April, 1885. *President,* General A. S. Webb; *Treasurer,* I. S. Bussing; *Secretary,* Miss J. P. Catell. To promote industrial training, calculated to make better men and citizens. Current expenses, \$7,247.64; receipts, \$7,892.50.

NEW YORK. *Prison Association.* *President,* Theodore S. Dwight; *Secretary,* W. M. F. Round; *Treasurer,* C. B. Gold. To improve the prison system, and the condition of prisoners.

OTTAWA, CANADA. *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.* *President,* His Worship, the Mayor of Ottawa; *Treasurer,* F. R. E. Campeau; *Secretary,* W. C. Baker.

PHILADELPHIA. *Children's Aid Society*. Fourth Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. James C. Biddle; *Secretary*, Miss Caroline H. Pemberton. This Society provides for the welfare of destitute and neglected children. Current receipts, \$9,864.37; expenses, \$8,667.69.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. *Women's Silk-Culture Association*. Sixth Annual Report, 1886. *President*, Mrs. John Lucas; *Secretary*, Miss E. J. Van Rennselaer; *Treasurer*, Mrs. H. P. Taylor. To establish and encourage silk-culture in the United States, as a new industry for women and children and a source of wealth to the country. Current expenses, \$6,348.39; receipts, \$6,588.88.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. *House of Mercy*. Eleventh Annual Report. *President*, Mrs. T. F. Plunkett; *Secretary*, Mrs. James H. Hinsdale. This Society supports a hospital and training-school for nurses. Current receipts, \$4,654.69; expenses, \$4,960.41.

PORTLAND, MAINE. *Associated Charities*. Sixth An-

nual Report. *President*, Rev. Mr. Hayden; *Secretary*, Mrs. M. J. Lilley. The Society tries to prevent imposture, and to wisely aid the needy.

PORTLAND. *Fraternity*. *President*, T. C. Hersey. *Secretary*, Arthur S. Gilson. Offers to the young people of Portland a place of pleasant resort, with means of improvement and recreation at small expense, with opportunities for charitable work.

ROXBURY, MASS. *St. Luke's Home*. Fifteenth Annual Report. *President*, Rt. Rev. Bishop Paddock; *Secretary*, Francis C. Foster. The Society furnishes a home to needy convalescents, giving them every necessary care and comfort. Current receipts, \$7,402.86; expenses, \$7,697.09.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. *Golden Gate Kindergarten Association*. Sixth Annual Report, 1885. *President*, Mrs. S. B. Cooper; *Secretary*, Miss Ella Adams; *Treasurer*, Miss Jennie Fitch. Total number of children enrolled during the year, 819. Current expenses, \$9,652.00; receipts, \$14,016.15.

NEW BOOKS.

THE following are the latest books issued on subjects of interest to our readers:

THOUGHTS OF A LIFE-TIME. Essays on the great social and political questions of the day. Frederick Avenne White. S. Sonnenschein, Lowry & Co., London.

THE MINISTRY OF FINE ARTS TO THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE. Thomas Gambier Parry. J. Murray, London.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRIEDRICH FROEBEL. Translated and annotated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore. S. Sonnenschein, Lowry & Co., London.

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE UNION. Minutes of the National Women's Temperance Union at the 12th annual meeting in Philadelphia. Addresses, Reports and Constitutions. Martin & Niper, Brooklyn.

OUT-DOOR PAPERS. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Lee and Shepard, Boston.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY IN CHARACTER. Furneaux Jordan. K. Paul, French & Co., London.

CYCLOPEDIA OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, POLITICAL ECONOMY AND OF THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. John J. Lalor, *editor*. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

THE STORY OF MANUAL LABOR IN ALL LANDS AND AGES. John Cameron Simonds and John T. MacEnnis. R. S. Peale & Co., Chicago.

HYGIENIC INSTITUTES. The utility of their work of investigation and the need of it in this country. George Adams Smyth. Published at Hartford.

CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION.

THE ladies of this mission have prepared more than fifty letters, suited to many varieties of cases, and printed in English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Dutch, Swedish and Chinese. A letter, with envelope and a Christmas card, is sent to any who desires it, for four cents. The ladies spoken of in the article "Easter

Letter Mission" are very glad to answer questions and give information about this work. Address, Miss Mary Bussing, No. 4 East Twelfth street, New York city, or Miss H. M. Cox, Newtown, Long Island, N. Y., enclosing stamps, and lend a hand in this loving mission work.